

THE
Famous Chronicle

Henry Wares
H. S. Book

of king Edward the

first, surnamed Edwarde Long-
shankes, with his returne from
the Holy land.

Also the life of *Lleuellen*, rebell in Wales.

Lastly, the sinking of Queene *Elinor*, who suncke at
Charing-crosse, and rose againe at Potters-
hith, now named Queene-hith.

By George Peele.



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1599.

Hen Ware

THE HISTORY OF

THE REIGN OF

THE LATE KING

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY

JOHN BURNET

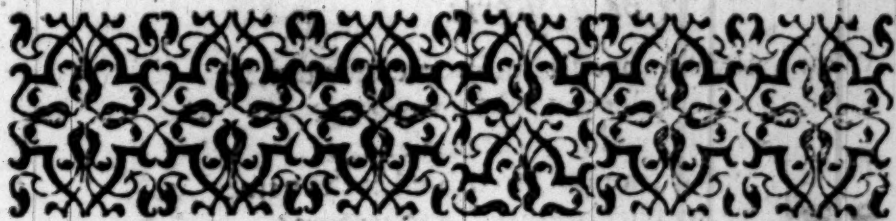
OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD
FELLOW OF ALL SOLES
AND OF THE SOCIETY OF THE
FELLOWS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

IN TWO VOLUMES



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1729.



The Famous Chronicle

Historie of King Edvard the first, fir-
named Edward Long-shankes : with
*the sinking of Queene Elinor at Cha-
ring-crosse, and her rising againe
at Potters-hith, other wise
called Queene-hith.*

Enter *Gilbart de Clare* Earle of Gloucester, with the
Earle of Suffex, *Mortimer* the Earle of March,
David Lluellens brother, waighting on *Elinor*
the Queene mother.

The Queene Mother.

MY Lord Liuetenant of Gloucester, and Lord Mortimer,
To do you honour in your Soueraignes eyes,
That as we heare, is newly come a land,
From *Palesine*, with all his men of warre;
The poore remainder of the royall Fleete,
Preseru'd by miracle in *Skill Roade*.
Goe mount your Coursers, meete him on the way,
Pray him to spur his Steede, minutes and houres.
Vntill his Mother see hir princely Sonne,
Shining in glory of his safe returne.

Excuse Lord

Manet Queene Mother.

Illustrious England, auncient seate of kinges,
Wher chivalrie hath royallizd thy fame:
That sounding brauely through terrestiall vaile,
Proclayming conquests, spoyles, and victories,
Ringes glorious Echoes through the farthest worlde.
What warlike nation traind in feates of Armes?

As.

What

The Historie

What barbarous people, stubborne or vntamed
 What climate vnder the Meridian signes?
 Or frozen Zone vnder his brumall stage,
 Erst haue not quaked and trembled at the name
 Of Britaine, and her mighty Conquerours?
 Her neighbour Realmes, as Scotland, Denmarke, France,
 Aude with their deedes, and iealous of her armes,
 Haue begd defensive and offensive leagues.
 Thus Europe riche and mightie in her Kinges,
 Hath feard braue England dreadfull in her Kinges
 And now to eternize Albions Champions,
 Equiuallent with Troians auncient fame,
 Comes louely Edvard from Ierusalem,
 Veering before the winde, ploughing the Sea,
 His stretched sailes filde with the breath of men,
 That through the worlde admires his manlines.
 And loe at last, ariued in Dover Roade,
 Long-shanke your King, your glory, and our Sonne,
 With troopes of conquering Lords and warlike knights,
 Like bloody crested Mars or lookes his Hoste,
 Higher then all his armie by the head,
 Marching along as bright as Phæbus eyes,
 And we his Mother shall beholde our Sonne,
 And Englandes Peeres shall see their Soueraigne.

*The Trumpets sound, and enter the traine, vz. his maimed Souldiers
 with Headpeece and Garlandes on them, every man with his
 crosse on his coat: the Ancient borne in a Chaire, his Garlande and
 his Plumes on his Headpeece, his Ensigne in his hand. Enter after
 them Gloucester & Mortimer bare headed, & others as many as
 may be. Then Longshanks & his wife Elinor, Edmund Couch-
 back, and Ione, and Signior Moumfort the Earle of Leicesters
 prisoner, with Sailers and Souldiers, and Charles de Moumfort
 his brother.*

Q. Mother. Gloucester, Edward: O my sweete sonnes.
And then she fallies, and soundes.

Longsh. Helpe Ladies: O ingratefull destiny,
 To welcome Edvard with this tragedy.

Glocest. Patient your highnes, tis but mothers loue,
 Receiu'd with sight of her thrice valiant sonnes.
 Madam, amaze nor: see his Maiestie
 Returnd with glory from the holy land.

Moth.

of Edward Longshankes.

Morb. Braue sonnes, the worthy Champions of our God,
The honourable Souldiers of the highest,
Beare with your Mother, whose abundant loue,
With teares of ioyes salutes your sweete returne,
From famous iourneyes hard and fortunate.
But Lordes, alas how heauie is our losse?
Since your departure to these Christian warres,
The King your Father, and the Prince your Sonne,
And your braue Vnckle Almaines Emperour,
Aye mee, are dead.

Longsb. Take comfort Madam, leaue these sad laments,
Deare was my Vnckle, dearer was my Sonne,
And ten times dearer was my noble Father:
Yet were their liues valewd at thousand worldes,
They cannot scape the arrest of dreadfull death:
Death that doth seaze and sommon all alike.
Then leauing them to heauenly blessednesse,
To ioyne in thrones of glory with the iust,
I do salute your royall Maiestie.
My gracious mother Queene, and you my Lordes,
Gilbert de Clare, Suffex, and Mortimer,
And all the princely states of Englandes peeres,
With health and honour to your hartes content,
And welcome wished England, on whose ground,
These feete so often haue desired to tread,
Welcome sweete Queene my fellow Traueller,
Welcome sweete *Nell* my fellow mate in armes,
Whose eyes haue seene the slaughtered *Sarazens*,
Pil'de in the ditches of *Ierusalem*.
And lastly welcome manly followers,
That beares the scars of honour and of armes:
And on your War-drummes carry crownes as Kinges,
Crowne Murall, Nauall, and triumphant all:
At view of whom the *Turkes* haue trembling fled,
And *Sarazens* like Sheepe before the walles,
Haue made their cottages inwalled townes,
But Bulwarkes had no fence to beate you backe:
Lordes, these and they will enter brasen gates,
And teare downe Lime and Morter with their nailles.
Imbrace them Barons, these haue got the name,
Of English Gentlemen and Knightes at armes.
Not one of these but in the Champaine fiede

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Hath wonne his crowne, his collar and his spurs,
Not *Cæsar* leading through the streets of Rome,
The captiue kings of conquered nations,
Was in his princely triumphes honoured more,
Then English *Edvard* in this martiall fight.
Countrimen your lims are lost in seruice of the Lord,
Which is your glory and your Countie's fame,
For lims, you shall haue liuing, lordships, lands,
And be my counsellors in warres affaire
Souldiers sit downe, *Nell* sit thee by my side,
These be Prince *Edwards* pompious treasure.

*The Queene Mother being set on the one side, and Queene Elinor
on the other, the king sitteth in the middest mounted highest,
and at his feete the Ensigne underneath him.*

O glorious Capitoll, beautilous Senate house,
Triumphant *Edvard*, how like sturdie Oakes,
Do these thy Souldiers circle thee about,
To shield and shelter thee from Winters stormest
Display thy crosse, olde Aimes of the Vies,
Dub on your Drummes tand with *Indias* sunne,
My lustie Westerne lads, *Matreuein* thou,
Sound proudly here a perfect poynt of warre,
In honour of thy Soueraignes safe returne,
Thus *Longshankes* bids his Souldiers *Bien veneu*.
*Vse Drummes, Trumpets, and Ensignes: and
then speake Edvard.*

Edvard. O God my God, the brightnes of my day,
How oft hast thou preferu'd thy seruant safe,
By sea and land, yea in the gates of death,
O God to thee how highly am I bound,
For setting me with these on English ground?
One of my mansion Houses will I giue,
To be a Colledge for my maymed men;
Where euery one shall haue an hundred markes
Of yeerely pention to his maintenance.
A Souldier that for Christ and countrey fightes,
Shall want no lyuing whilst king *Edvard* liues.
Lordes you that loue me, now be liberall,
And giue your larges to these maymed men.

Q. Mother. Towardes this erection doth thy mother giue,

Out

of Edward Longshankes.

Out of her dowrie, five thousand poundes of gold,
To finde them Surgeons to recure their woundes.
And whilst this auncient Standard bearer liues,
He shall haue fortie pound of yeerely fee,
And be my beadsman, father if you please.

Longsh. Madam I tell you England neuer bred,
A better souldier then your Beadsman is,
And that the *Souldan* and his Armie felt.

Edmund. Out of the Dutchie of riche Lancaster,
To finde soft bedding for their bruized bones,
Duke *Edmund* giues three thousand poundes.

Longsh. Gramercies brother *Edmund*,
Happie is England vnder *Edward*'s raigne,
When men are had so highly in regarde,
That Nobles strue who shall remunerate,
The souldiers resolution with regarde.

My Lord of Gloucester what is your beneuolence?

Glocest. A thousand markes, and please your Maiestie.

Longsh. And yours my Lord of Suffex?

Suffex. Five hundred pound, and please your maiestie.

Long. What say you sir *Dauid* of Brecknock.

Dauid. To a souldier sir *Dauid* cannot be too liberall,
Yet that I may giue no more then a poore knight is able
And not presume as a mightie Earle,
I giue my Lord foure hundred, foure score,
And nineteene poundes:

And so my Lord of *Suffex* I am behind you an ace.

Suffex. And yet sir *Dauid*, ye aumble after apace.

Long. Wel said *Dauid* thou couldst not be a Camber Britain,
If thou didst not loue a souldier with thy heart,
Let me see now if my Arithmeticke wil serue,
To totall the particulars.

Qu. Ele. Why my lord I hope you meane,
I shal be a benefactor to my fellow souldiers:

Longshakes. And wel said Nell.

What wilt thou I set downe for thee?

Q. Eli. Nay my Lord I am of age to set it downe for my selfe.
You will allowe what I do, will you not?

Longsh. That I will Maddam,
Were it to the value of my kingdome.

Qu. Elin. What is the summe my lord?

Longshankes. 10000 poundes my Nell.

The Historie

Queene Eli. Then *Elinor* bethinke thee of a gift worthy the King of Englandes wife, and the King of Spaines daughter, and giue such a largies, that the Chronicles of this land may crake with recorde of thy liberalitie.

Parturient montes: nascetur ridiculus mus.

Shee makes a Cipher.

There my Lord, neither one, two, nor three,
But a poore Cipher in Agrum, to enrich good fellowes,
And compound their Figure in their kinde.

Longsb. Madame I commend your composition,
An argument of your honourable disposition.
Sweete *Nell*, thou shouldst not be thy selfe,
Did not with thy mounting minde,
Thy gift surmount the rest.

Glocester. Call you this *Ridiculus mus*? maye sir this Mouse
Would make a foule hole in a faire Cheese:
Tis but a Cipher in Agrum,
And it hath made of 10000. poundes, 100000. poundes.

Edmund. A princely gift, and worthy memorie.

Glocester. My gracious Lord, as erst I was assignde
Lieutenant to his Maiestie,
Here render I vp the Crowne left in charge with me,
By your princely father King *Henrie*,
Who on his death bed still did call for you:
And dying, wilde to you the Diadem.

Longshankes. Thankes worthy Lordes:
And seeing by doome of heauens it is decreed,
And lawfull line of our succession,
Vnworthy *Edward* is become your king,
We take it as a blessing from on hie,
And wil our Coronation be solemmized,
Vpon the 14. of December next.

Qu. Eli. Vpon the 14. of December next
Alas my Lord, the time is all too short
And sudden, for so great solemnities.
A yeare were scarce enough to set a worke,
Tailers, Imbroderes, and men of rare deuice
For preparation of so great estate.
Trust me sweete *Ned*, hardly shall I bethinke me,
In twentie weekes what fashion robes to weare,
I pray thee then deferre it till the Spring,
That we may haue our garments point deuice.

I means

of Edward Longshankes.

I meane to send for Tailers into Spaine,
That shall confer of some fantastickt sutes
With those that be our cunningst Englishmen,
What? let me braue it now, or neuer, *Ned.*

Long. Madam content ye, would that were greatest care,
You shall haue garments to your harts desire,
I neuer red but Englishmen exceld,
For change of rare deuises euery way.

Q. Eli. Yet pray thee *Ned*, my Loue, my Lord, and King,
My fellow Souldier, and compeere in armes,
Do so much honour to thy *Elinor*,
To weare a sute that shee shall giue thy grace,
Of her owne cost and workmanship perhaps.

Q. Moth. Twill come by leasure daughter then I feare,
Th'art too fine fingard to be quicke at worke.

Longsh. Twixt vs a greater matter breakes no square,
So it be such my *Nell*, as may beseme,
The maiestie and greatnes of a king.
And now my Lords and louing friendes,
Follow your Generall to the Court,
After his trauels to repose him then,
There to recount with pleasure what is past,
Of warres alarums, showers, and sharpest stormes.

Exeunt all, saving the Queene and her daughter.

Q. Eli. Now *Elinor*, now Englandes louely Queene,
Bethinke thee of the greatnes of thy estate:
And how to beare thy selfe with Royaltie,
Above the other Queenes of Christendome:
That *Spaine* reaping renowne by *Elinor*,
And *Elinor* adding renowne to *Spaine*,
Britaine may her magnificence admire.
I tell thee *Ione*, what time our highnes sits,
Vnder our royall Canopie of state,
Glistering with pendants of the purest golde,
Like as our seate were spangled all with stars,
The world shall wonder at our Maiestie,
As if the daughter of the eternall Ops
Turnd to the likenes of Vermilion fumes:
Where from her cloudy wombe the *Centaures* leapt,
Where in her royall seate inthronized.

Ione. Madame, if *Ione* thy daughter may aduise,
Let not your honour make your manners change,

The Historie

The people of this land are men of warre,
The women courteous, milde, and debonaire,
Laying their liues at Princes feete,
That gouerns with familiar maiestie:
But if their Soueraignes once gin swell with pride,
Disdaining commons loue which is the strength,
And surenes of the richest common wealth:
That Prince were better liue a priuate life,
Then rule with tirannie and discontent.

Q. Eli. In deede we count them headstrong English-men:
But we shall holde them in a Spanish yoake,
And make them know their Lord and Soueraigne,
Come daughter, let vs home for to prouide,
For all the cunning worke-men of this Ile,
In our great Chamber sha'be set aworke,
And in my Hall shall bountifully feede.
My King-like *Phabus* Bridegroome like shall march,
With louely *Xbeis* to her glasse bed,
And all the lookers on shall stand amaze,
To see King Edward and his louely Queene,
Sit louely in Englandes stately Throne.

Exeunt ambo.

*Enter Lluellen, alias Prince of Wales: Rice ap Meredeth, Owen
ap Rice, with swordes and bucklers, and freeze Ierkins.*

Lluel. Come Rice, and rouse thee for thy countries good,
follow the man that meanes to make you great:
Follow *Lluellen*, rightfull Prince of Wales,
Sprung from the loynes of great *Cadwallader*,
Discended from the loynes of *Troian Brute*,
And though the traiterous Saxons, Normans, Danes,
Haue spent the true Romans of glorious Troy,
Within the westerne mountaines of this Ile:
Yet haue we hope to climbe these stonie pales,
When Londoners as Romans earst amaze,
Shall trembling crie, *Lluellens* at the gate.
T'accomplish this, thus haue I brought you forth
Disguise to Milford hauen: heere attende
The landing of the Lady *Elinor*.
Her stay doth make me muse: the wind standes faire,
And ten dayes hence we did expect them heere:
Neptune be fauourable to my loue,

And

of Edward Longshankes.

And steere her keele with thy three forked mace,
That from this shore I may behold her sayles,
And in mine armes imbrace my dearest deare.

Rice. Braue Prince of Wales, this honorable match,
Cannot but turne to *Cambrias* common good,
Simon de Momfort, her thrise valiant sonne,
That in the Barons warres was Generall,
Was lou'd and honoured of the Englishmen,
When they shall heare, shes your espoused wife,
Assure your Grace we shall haue great supplie,
To make our roades in England mightelie.

Owen. What we resolu'd, must strongly be performed,
Before the King returne from *Palestine*:
Whilst he winnes glory at *Ierusalem*,
Let vs winne ground vpon the Englishmen.

Lluel. *Owen* ap *Rice*, tis that *L'uellen* feares,
I feare me *Edward* will be come a shore,
Ere we can make prouision for the warre.
But be it as it will, within his Court
My brother *Dauid* is, that beares a face,
As if he were my greatest enimie:
He by this craft shall creepe into her hart,
And giue intelligence from time to time,
Of her intentions, driftes, and stratagems.
Heere let vs rest vpon the salt sea shore,
And while our eyes long for our hartes desires,
Let vs like friendes pastime vs on the sandes,
Our frolike mindes are ominous for good.

*Enter Friar Hugh ap Dauid, Guentbian bis VVench
in Flannell, and lacke his Nouice,*

Friar. *Guentbian*, as I am true man,

So will I do the best I can:

Guentbian, as I am true Priest,

So will I be at thy behest.

Guentbian, as I am true Friar,

So will I be at thy desire.

Nouice. My Maister standes too neare the fier,

Trust him not Wench, he will prooue a lyer.

Lluel. True man, true Friar, true Priest, and true knaue,

These foure in one, this Trull shall haue.

Friar. Heere sweare I by my shauen crowne,

The Historie

Wench, if I giue thee a gay Greene gowne,
Ile take thee vp as I laide thee downe,
And neuer bruze nor batter thee.

Novice. O sweare not Maister, flesh is fraile,
Wench, when the signe is in the taile,
Mightie is Loue, and will preuaile:
This Churchman doth but flatter thee.

Lluel. A prittie worne, and a lustie Friar,
Made for the Fielde, not for the Quiar.

Guenth. Mas Friar, as I am true Maide,
So do I holde mee well apaide:
Tis Churchmans laie and veritie,
To liue in loue and charities:
And therefore weene I as my creede,
Your wordes shall companie my deede,
Dauie my deare, I yeelde in all,
Thine owne to goe and come at call.

Rice. And so far forth begins our branle.

Friar. Then my *Guenthian* to begin,
Sith idlenesse in loue is sinne,
Boy, to the towne, I will thee hie,
And so returne euen by and by,
When thou with Cakes and Muscadine,
And other iunkets good and fine,
Hast filde thy bottle and thy bagge.

Novice. Now Maister as I am true wagge,
I will be neither late nor lagge;
But goe and come with gosips cheere,
Ere Gib our Cat can licke her eare.
For long agoe I learned in schoole,
That Louers desire, and pleasures coole:
Saint *Ceres* sweetes, and *Bacchus* vine.
Now Maister, for the Cakes and Wine.

Exit Novice.

Friar. Wench, to passe away the time in glee,
Guenthian sit thee downe by mee:
And let our lippes and voyces meete,
In a merrie countrey song.

Guenth. Friar, I am at becke and bay,
And at thy commaundement to sing and say,
And other sportes among.

Owen. I marrie my Lord, this is somewhat like a mans money
Heeres

of Edward Longshankes.

Heeres a wholesome Welsh Wench,
Lapt in her Flannell as warme as Wooll,
And as fit as a Pudding for a Friars mouth.

The Friar and Guentbian sing: Lluelwen speaks to them.

Pax vobis, pax vobis: good fellowes, faire fall yee.

Friar. Et cum spiritu tuo.

Friendes, haue you any thing els to say to the Friar?

Owen. Much good do you, much good you,
My maisters hartely.

Friar. And you sir when yee eate:

Haue ye any thing els to say to the Friar?

Lluel. Nothing, but I would gladly know,
If Mutton be your first dish, what shalbe your last seruice?

Friar. It may be sir, I count it physicke,
To feede but on one dish at a sitting;
Sir would you any thing els with the Friar?

Rice. O nothing sir, hur if you haue any manners,
You might bid vs fall too.

Friar. Nay, and that be the matter, good enough,
Is this all yee haue to say to the Friar?

Lluel. All we haue to say to you sir: it may be sir
We would walke a side with your Wench a litle.

Friar. My maisters and friendes, I am a poore Friar, a man of
Gods making, and a good fellow as you are, legges, secte, face,
and hands; and hart from top to toe, of my worde, right shape
and Christendome: and I loue a Wench as a Wench should be
loued; and if you loue your selfe, walke good friendes I pray,
and let the Frier alone with his flesh.

Lluel. O Friar, your holy mother the Church teaches you to ab-
staine from these morsels: therefore my maisters tis a deede of
charitie to remooue this stumbling blocke: a faire Wench, a
shrewd temptation to a Friars conscience.

Guen. Friend, if you knew the Friar halfe so well as the Baylie of
Brecknock, you would thinke you might as soone moue Munck
Dauid into the sea, as Guentbian from his side.

Lluel. Mas by your leaue, weele prooue.

Guentb. At yur perill, if you mooue his patience,

Friar. Brother, brother, and my good Countymen.

Lluel. Countymen? nay I can not thinke that an English Friar,
Will come so farre into Wales bare footed.

Owen. Thats more then you know: and yet my Lord, he might

The Historie

ride, hauing a fillie so neare.

Fri. Hands off good countriman, at few words & faire warnings.

Lluel. Countrimen, not so fir, we renounce thee Friar, and refuse your countrie.

Friar. Then brother, and my good friends,
Hands off, and if you loue your ease.

Rice. Ease me no easings, wee le ease you of this carriage.

Friar. Fellow be gone quicklie, or my pike staffe and I will see thee away with a vengeance.

Lluel. I am sorie trust me, to see the church so vnpatient.

Friar. Yea, Dogs ounes; do me a shrewde turne, and mocke me too; flesh and blood will not beare this: then rise vp *Robart* and say to *Richard*; *Redderationem villicationis tue*: Sir Countriman, kinsman, Englishman, Welshman, you with the Wench, returne your *Habeas corpus*; heres a *Circiorari* for your *Procedenda*.

Owen. Hold Friar, we are thy countrimen.

Rice. *Payd, payd, Digone*, we are thy countrimen, *Mundue*.

Friar. My countrimen? nay marry fir shall you not be my countrimen: you fir, you; specially you fir, that refuse the Friar, and renounce his countrie.

Lluel. Friar, hold thy hands, I sweare as I am a Gentleman, I am a Welshman, and so are the rest, of honestie.

Friar. Of honestie saiest thou?

They are neither Gentlemen nor Welshmen,
That will denie their countrie: Come hither Wenche,
He haue about with them once more,
For denying of their Countrie.

Make as if yee would fight.

Rice. Friar, thou wottest not what thou sayest,
This is the Prince, and we are all his traine,
Disposed to be pleasant with thee a little:
But I perceiue Friar, thy nose will bide no iest.

Friar. As much as you will with me fir,
But not at any hand with my Wench,
I, and *Richard* my man heere.
For heere, *Contra omnes gentes*.
But is this *Lluel* the great *Camber Britaine*?

Lluel. It is he Friar, giue me thy hand,
And gramercies twentie times,
I promise thee thou hast cudgeld
Two as good lessons into my iacket,
As euer Churchman did at so short warning.

The

of Edward Longshankes.

The one is, not to be too busie with an other mans cattelle
The other, not in hast to denie my countrey.

Friar. Tis pittie my Lorde, but you should haue more of this learning, You profite so well by it.

Lluel. Tis pittie Friar but thou shouldst be *Lluellem* Chaplaine, thou edificst so well; and so shalt thou be, of mine honour. heere I entertaine thee, thy boye, and thy trull, to follow my fortune, in *Secula seculorum*.

Friar. And Richard my man sir, and you lose me,
He that stands by me, and shrunke not at all weathers,
And then you haue me in my colours.

Lluel. Friars agreed: *Rice*, welcome the *Ruffines*.

*Enter the Harper, and sing to the tune of, VVho list
to lead a Souldiers life.*

Goe too, goe too, you Britaines all,
And play the men both great and small,
A wonderous matter hath befall,
That makes the Prophets crie and call,
Tum da et di te de te dum,
That you must marche both all and sum,
Against your foes with trumpe and Drum;
I speake to you from God, that you shall overcome.

VVith a turne both vvaies.

Lluel. What now? who haue we heere?

Tum date dite dote dum.

Friar. What haue we a fellow dropt out of the elements
Whats he for a man?

Rice ap Mer. Knowest thou this Goosecap?

Friar. What? not *Morgain Pigot*, our good Welch Prophet,
Or is a holie Harper.

Meredith. A Prophet with a morraine:

Good my Lord, lets hare a few of his lines, I pray you.

Naunce. My Lords, tis an od fellow I can tell you,

As any is in all Wales:

He can sing, rime with reason, and rime without reason,
And without reason or rime.

Lluellem. The diuell he can,

Rime with reason, and rime without reason,

And reason without rime:

The Historie

Then good *Morgan Pigot*, plucke out thy spigot,
And draw vs a fresh pot,
From the kinderkind of thy knowledge.

Friar. Knowledge my sonne, knowledge I warrant ye,
How sayst thou *Morgaine*, art thou not a very Prophet?

Harper. Friar, Friar, a Prophet verily,
For great *Lluellens* loue,
Sent from aboue, to bring him victorie.

Mered. Come then gentle Prophet, lets see how thou canst salute
thy Prince: say, shall we haue good successe in our enterprise
or no?

Harp. When the Weathercocke of *Carmarthen* steeple
Shall ingender young ones in the Belferie,
And a heard of Goates leaue their pasture,
To be cloathed in siluer:
Then shall *Brute* be borne a new,
And Wales record their auncient hew:
Aske Friar *David* if this be not true.

Friar. This my Lord he meanes by you:
O he is a Prophet, a Prophet.

Lluel. Soft you now good *Morgan Pigot*,
And take vs with yee a little I pray.
What meanes your wisedome by all this?

Harper. The Weathercocke (my Lord) was your Father, who by
foule weather of Warre, was driuen to take Sanctuarie in Saint
Maries at *Carmarvon*, where he begat young ones on your mo-
ther in the Belfry, viz. your Worship, & your brother *David*.

Lluel. But what didst thou meane by the Goates?

Harp. The Goates that leaue the pasture to be cloathed in siluer,
are the siluer Goates your men wore on their secues.

Friar. O how I loue thee *Morgaine Pigot* our sweete Prophet.

Lluel. Hence rogue with your prophecies, out of my sight.

Mere. Nay good my Lord, lets haue a few more of these meeters,
He hath great store in his head.

Nonice. Yea, and of the best in the market,
And your Lordship would vouchsafe to heare them.

Lluel. Villaine away, Ile heare no more of your Prophecies.

Harper. When legges shall lose their length,
Returning weerie home from out the Holy-land:
A Welchman shalbe King, and gouerne merrie England.

Mered. Did I not tel your Lordship he would hit it home anon?

Friar. My Lord, he comes to your time, thats flat.

Nonice.

of Edward Longshankes.

Novice. I maister, and you marke him, he hit the marke pat.

Friar. As how lack?

Novice. Why thus: When legs shall lose their length.

And shankes yeelde vp their strength:

Returning weerie home from out the holy land,

A Welshman shall be king,

And gouerne merrie England.

Why my Lord, in this prophesie, is your aduancement as plaine-
lie scene, as a three halfe pence through a dishe of butter in a
sunnie day.

Friar. I thinke so lack, for he that sees three halfe pence, must
carrie till the butter be melted in the sunne: and so fourth ap-
plie boy.

Novice. Now ego maister, doe you and you dare.

Lluell. And so boy thou meanest, hee that carries this prophesie,
may see *Longshankes* shorter by the head, and *Lluellen* weare
the crowne in the field.

Friar. By lady my Lord, you go neare the matter,
But what saith *Morgaine Pigote* more?

Harper. In the yere of our Lord God. 1272, shall spring from
the loynes of *Brute*, one whole wiues name being the perfect
end of his ground, shal consummate the peace betwixt England
and Wales, and be aduanced to ride through Cheapside with a
crowne on his head; and thats meant by your Lordship: for
your wiues name being *Ellen*, and your owne *Lluellen*, beareth
the perfect end of your owne name: so must it needes be, that
for a time *Ellen* flee from *Lluellen*, yee being betrothed in hart
each to others, must needes be aduanced to be highest of your
kinne.

Lluell. lacke, I make him thy prisoner,
Looke what way my fortune inclines, that way goes he,

Mered. Sirra, see you runne swift.

Friar. Farewell, be farre from the Spigot.

Exit.

Novice. Now sir, if our countrie Ale, were as good as your Me-
theglen, I would teach you to play the knaue, or you should
teache me to play the Harper.

Harp. Ambo: boy, you are too light witted,
As I am light minded.

Novice. - It seemed to me thou art fittest, and passing well.

Exeunt ambo.

C

Enter

The Historie

Enter Guenther to Lluellen with letters.

Lluel. What tidings bringeth *Guenther* with his haster
Say man, what bodes thy message good or bad?

Guenther. Bad my Lord, and all in vaine I wor,
Thou darst thine eyes vpon the wallowing maine,
As erst did *Aegen* to behold his sonne,
To welcome, and receiue thy welcome loue,
And fable failes he saw, and so maist thou:
For whole mishap the Brackish teares lament,
Edward, O Edward.

Lluel. And what of him?

Guenther. Landed he is at *Douer* with his men,
From *Palestine* safe by his English Lords.
Receiued in triumphes like an earthly God,
He liues, to weare his fathers Diadem,
And sway the sword of brittish *Albion*.
But *Elinor*, thy *Elinor*.

Lluellen. And what of her?

Hath amorous *Neptune* gazd vpon my loue,
And stopt her passage with his forked mace:
Or that I rather feare, O deadly feare,
Enamoured *Nereus*, dooth he withhold my *Elinor*?

Guenther. Not *Neptune*, *Nereus*, nor other God,
Withholdeth from my gracious Lord his loue,
But cruell *Edward*, that iniurious king,
Withholds thy lietest louely *Elinor*,
Taking in a Pinnasse on the narrow seas,
By foure tall Ships of *Bristouue*: and with her,
Lord *Emerich* her Vnhappie noble brother,
As from *Montargis* hitherward they faile:
This say I in breefe, these letters tell at large.

Lluellen reades his brother *Dauid*s letters.

Lluel. Is *Longshankes* then, so lustie now become,
Is my faire loue, my beautious *Elinor* tane?
Villiane, damnde villianes, not to guard her safe,
Or fence her sacred person from her foes,
Sunne couldst thou shine, and see my loue beset,
And didst not cloath thy cloudes in fierie coates
Ore all the heauens with winged sulphure flames,
As when the beames like mounted combatants,
Battaild with *Pyetion* in the fallowed laies,

But

of Edward Longshankes.

But if kinde *Cambria* deigne me good aspect,
To make me cheefest brute of westernne Wales,
Ile short that gain legd *Longshanke* by the top,
And make his flesh my marthering fawchions foode:
To armes true *Britaines*, sprong of *Troians* seede.
And with your swordes write in the booke of Time,
Your *British* names in Characters of bloud.
Owen ap Rice, while we stay for further force,
Prepare away in poste, and take with thee,
A hundred chosen of thy countrimen,
And scowre the marches with your Welshmens hookes,
That Englishmen may thinke the diuell is come.
Rice shall remaine with me: make thou thy boade,
In resolution to reuenge these wronges,
With bloud of thousandes guiltlesse of this rage,
Flic thou on them amaine: *Edvard*, my loue
Be thy hues bane. Follow me countrimen,
Wordes make no way, my *Elinor* is surprizd,
Robd am I of the comfort of my life:
And know I this, and am not veng'd on him?

Exit Lluellen, and the other lordes.

Manet the Friar, and Nouice.

Friar. Come Boy, we must buckle I see,
The Prince is of my profession right:
Rather than he will lose his Wench,
He will fight *Ab ouo vsque ad mala*.

Nouice. O Maister, doubt you not, but your *Nouice* will prooue
a hot shot, with a bottle of Metheglin.

*Exeunt, ere the Wench fall into a Welsh song, and the
Friar answers, and the Nouice betwene.*

Enter the nine Lordes of Scotland, with their nine Pages:

Gloster, Suffex, king Edvard in his sute of Glasse,

Queene Elinor, Queene Mother, the King

and Queene vnder a Canopie.

Longsh. Nobles of Scotland, we thanke you all,
For this dayes gentle princely seruice done,
To *Edvard* Englandes King, and Scotlandes Lord:
Our Coronations due sollemnitie,
Is ended with applause of all estates.
Now then let vs appose and rest vs heere:
But specially we thanke you gentle Lordes.

The Historie

That you so well haue gouerned your greefes,
As being growne vnto a generall iarre,
You choose king *Edvard* by your Messengers,
To calme, to qualifie, and to compound:
Thanke Britains strife of Scotlands climbing peeres.
I haue no doubt faire lords but you well wot,
How factions waste the ritcheft Commonwealth,
And discord spoiles the seates of mightie kings.
The Barons warres, a tragicke wicked warre,
Nobles, how hath it sheken Englands strenght?
Industriouſſie it seemes to me you haue,
Loiallie ventured to prevent this shock:
For which, ſith you haue choſen me your iudge,
My lords, wil you stand to what I ſhall award?

Baliol. Victorious *Edvard*, to whom the Scottish kings
Owe homage as their lord and ſoueraigne,
Amongſt vs nine, is but one lawfull king:
But might we all be iudges in this caſe,
Then ſhould in Scotland be nine kings at once,
And this contention neuer ſet or limited,
To ſtaie theſe iarres we iointlie make appeale,
To thy imperiall throne, who knowes our claimes,
We ſtand not on our titles before your grace,
But do ſubmit our ſelues to your awarde,
And whom your Maieſtie ſhall name to be our king,
To him wee le yeld obedience as a king,
Thus willinglie, and of their owne accorde,
Doth Scotland make great Englands king their iudge.

Long. Then nobles, ſince you all agree in one,
That for a crowne ſo diſagree in all:
Since what I do, ſhall reſt inreueable,
And louelie England to thy louely Queene,
Louelie Queene *Elnor*, vnto her turne thy eye,
Whoſe honor can not but loue thee well,
Holde vp your hands in fight, with generall voice,
That are content to ſtand to our award.

They all holde vp their bandes, and ſay, he ſhall.

Deliuier me the golden Diadem.
Loe here I holde the goale for which ye ſtried,
And heere behold my worthie men at armes,
For chiuallrie and worthie wiſdomes praiſe,
Worthie each one to weare a Diadem.

Expect

Of Edward Longshankes.

Expect my doome, as erst at Ida hilles,
The Goddesses deuine waighted the award,
Of *Danaes* sonne: *Balioll* stand farthest forth,
Baliol behold, I giue thee the Scottish crowne,
Weare it with heart and with thankfulness;
Sound Trumphets, and say all after me,
God saue king *Baliol* the Scottish king.

*The Trumpets sounds, all crie aloud, God saue
King Baliol the Scottish king.*

Thus lords, though you require no reason why,
According to the conscience in the cause,
I make *Iohn Baliol* your anointed king:
Honour and loue him as behooues him best,
That is in peace of Scotlands crowne possesse.
Baliol. Thanks roiall England for thy honour doone,
This iustice, that hath calmd our ciuell strife,
Shall now be ceast with honourable loue,
So moued of remorse and pittie,
We will erect a colledge of my name,
In Oxford will I build for memorie,
Of *Baliols* bounrie and his gratitude:
And let me happie daies no longer see,
Then heere to England loyall I shall bee,
Elinor. Now braue *Iohn Balioll* Lord of Gallaway,
And king of Scots shine with thy goulden head,
Shake thy speres in honour of his name,
Vnder whose roialtie thou wearst the same.

Queene Elinors speeche.

The welken spangled through with goulden spots,
Reflects no finer in a frostie night,
Then louely *Longshankes* in his *Elinors* eye:
So *Ned*, thy *Nell* in euery part of thee,
Thy person's garded with a troope of *Queenes*,
And euery *Queene* as braue as *Elinor*,
Giue glorie to these glorious christall quarries,
Where euery robe an obiekt entertaines,
Of riche deuice and princelie maiestie:
Thus like *Narcissus* diuing in the deepe,
I die in honour and in Englands armes:
And if I drowne, it is in my delight.

The Historie

Whose companie is cheefest life in death,
From ~~mouth~~ whose curall lips I sucke the sweete,
Where with are daintie *Cupids* candles made,
Then liue or die braue *Ned*, or sinke or swim,
An earthlie blisse it is to looke on him.
On thee sweete *Ned*, it shall become thy *Nell*,
Bounteous to be vnto the beauteous,
Ore prie the palmes sweete fountaines of my blisse,
And I will stand on tiproe for a kisse.

Long. He had no thought of any gentle heart,
That would not seaze desire for such defart,
If any heauenly ioy in women be,
Sweete of all sweetes, sweete *Nell* it is in thee.
Now lords along by this the Earle of Marche,
Lord *Mortimor* or *Cambriaes* mountaine tops,
Hath rang'd his men, and feeles *Lluellen*s minde,
To which confines that well in wasting be,
Our sollemne seruice of coronation past,
We will amaine to backe our friends at neede,
And into Wales our men at armes shall march,
And we with them in person foote by foote.
Brother of Scotland, you shall to your home,
And liue in honour there faire Englands friend,
And thou sweet *Nell* Queene of king *Edwards* heart,
Shall now come lesfer at thy daintie loue,
And at coronation meete thy louing peeres,
When stormes are past, and we haue coolde the rage
Of these rebellious Welshmen that contend,
Gainst Englands maiestie, and *Edwards* crowne.
Sound Trumpets, Harolds lead the traine along,
This be king *Edwards* feast and hollic day.

Exeunt.

*Enter the Maris of London from Church,
and Musicke before her.*

Qu. Eli. Gloucester, who may this be, abide or what?
I prae yee *Ione* goe see,
And know the reason of the harmonic.

Ione. Good woman let it not offend you any whit,
For to deliuer vnto me the cause,
That in this vnusuall kinde of sort,
You passe the streetes with musicke so.

Maris

Of Edward Longshankes.

Maris. Mistresse or Madam, what ere you be,
Wot you I am the Maior of Londons wife,
Who for I haue been deliuered of a Sonne,
Hauing not these doozen yeeres had any before,
Now in my Husbandes yeere of Maiortie,
Bringing him a goodly Boy,
I passe vnto my house a mayden Bride,
Which priuate pleasure touching godlinesse,
Shall here no way, I hope, offend the good.

Queene. You hope so gentle Mistres, do you in deed?
But do not make it parcell of your Creede,

Maris. Alas I am vndone, it is the Queene.
The proudest Queene that euer England knew.

Exeunt Maris, & omnes.

Queene. Come Gloster, lets to the Court and reuel there.
Exeunt Glocester and the Queene.

Enter Meredith, David, and Lluellen.

David. Soft, is it not *Meredeth* I behold?

Lluel. All good, all friendes: *Meredeth*, see the man
Must make vs great, and raise *Lluellens* head:
Fight thou *Lluellen* for thy friend and thee.

Mer. Fight mauger fortune, strong our battailes strong,
And beare thy foes before thy pointed launce.

David. Not too much prowesse good my lord at once,
Some talke of policie another while.

Mered. How comes my lims hurt at this assaule?

Lluel. Hurt for our good, *Meredeth* make account,
Sir *Dauids* wit is full of good deuise,
And kindlie will performe what he pretends.

David. Enouth of this my Lord at once,
What will you that I holde the king in hand,
Or what shall I especiallie aduize,
Sitting in counsell with the English lordes,
That so my counsell may auaille my friends;

Lluel. *David* if thou wilt best for me deuise,
Aduise my loue be rendered to my hand:
Tell them the Chaines that *Mulciber* erst made,
To tie *Prometheus* lims to *Caucasus*,
Nor furies phanges shal hold me long from her,
But I will haue her from the vsurpers tent,

My

The Historie

My beaurious *Elinor* : if ought in this,
If in this case thy wit may boore thy friendes,
Expreſſe it then in this, in nothing els.

Dauid. I, thers a Carde that puts vs to our trumpe,
For might I ſee the ſtarre of Leiſters loynes,
It were enough to darken and obſcure
This *Edwardes* glory, fortune, and his pride:
Fiſt, hereof can I put you out of doubt,
Lord *Mortimer* of the king hath her in charge,
And honourably intreates your *Elinor*.
Some thinkes he prayes *Lluellen* were in heauen,
And thereby hopes to coache his loue on earth.

Lluellen. No, where *Lluellen* mountes, there *Ellen* lies;
Inſpeakable are my thoughtes for her,
She is not from me in death to be diuorſt.

Dauid. Go to, it ſhall be ſo, ſo ſhall it be,
Edward is full reſolued of thy fayth,
So are the Engliſh Lordes and Barons all:
Then what may let thee to intrude on them,
Some new fond ſtratagem to ſeele their wit,
It is enough : *Meredeth* take my weapons,
I am your priſoner; ſay ſo at the leaſt,
Go hence, and when you parle on the walles,
Make ſhew of monſtrous tyrannie you intend
To execute on me, as on the man,
That ſhamefully rebels gainſt kin and kinde:
And leaſt thou haue thy loue, and make thy peace
With ſuch conditions, as ſhall beſt concerne,
Dauid muſt die (ſay thou) a ſhamefull death :
Edward perhaps with ruth and pittie moou'd,
Will in exchange yeelde *Elinor* to thee.
And thou by me ſhalt gaine thy hartes deſire.

Lue!. Sweetely aduized *Dauid*, thou bleſſeſt me.
My brother *Dauid* lengthener of my lyfe.
Friendes gratulate to me my ioyfull hopes.

Exeunt.

Enter Longſhankes, Suſſex, and others.

Longsh. Why Barons, ſuffer yee your foes to breathe?
Affault, aſſault, and charge them all amaine,
They ſcare, they flie, they faint, they fight in vaine:
But where is gentle *Dauid*, in his Dent?

Loth

8
of Edward Longshankes.

Loth were I, ought but good should him betide.
Sound an Alarm.

*On the vvalles enter Longshankes, Suffes, Mortimor,
Dauid the Friar, Meredith holding Dauid
by the collar, vvith a Dagger
in his bande.*

Long. Where is the proude disturber of our state?
Traitor to Wailes, and to his Soueraigne.

Lluel. Vsurper, here I am, what doost thou craue?

Lon. Welshman alleagance, which thou owest the king.

Lluel. Traitor, no king, that seekes thy countries sack,
The famous runnagate of Christendome.

Long. Ambitious rebell, knowest thou what I am?
How great, how famous, and how fortunate,
And darst thou carie armes against me here,
Euen when thou shouldst do reuerence at my feete?
Yea feard and honourd in the farthest parts,
Hath *Edvard* beene, thy noble *Henries* sonne:
Traitor, this sworde vnsheathd hath shined of,
With reeking in the bloud of Sarazens,
When like to *Perseus* on his winged steede,
Brandishing bright the blood of Adamant,
That aged *Saturne* gaue faire *Maia's* sonne,
Conflicting tho with *Gorgan* in the vale,
Setting before the gates of *Nazareth*,
My Horses hooves I staynd in *Pagans* gore,
Sending whole Countries of heathen ioules,
To *Plutoes* house: this sworde, this thirstie sworde,
Aymes at thy head, and shall I hope ere long,
Gage and deuide thy bowels and thy bulke,
Disloyall villaine thou, and what is more.

Lluel. Why *Longshankes*, thinkest thou I will be scard with words?
No, didst thou speake in thunder like to *Ioue*,
Or shouldst as *Briareus* shake at once,
A hundred bloudie swordes, with bloudie hands,
I tell thee *Longshankes*, here he faceth thee,
Whom nought can daunt, no nor the stroke of death:
Resolu'd yee see; but see the chaunce of warre.
Knowst thou a traytor and thou seest his head?
Then *Longshankes* looke this villaine in the face:

D

This

The Historie

This Rebelle hath wrought his countries wrack,
Base rascal, had and hated in his kinde,
Object of wrath, and subiect of reuenge.

Long. *Lluellen*, calst thou this the chaunce of warre?
Bad for vs all pardie, but worle for him.
Courage sir *David*, kings thou knowst must die,
And noble mindes all daffard feare defies.

David. Renowned England, starre of *Edwards* Globe,
My liefest Lord and sweetest Soueraigne,
Glorious and happy is this chaunce to me,
To reape this fame and honour in my death,
That I was hewed with foule defiled hands,
For my beloued King, and Countries good,
And dyed in grace and fauour with my Prince:
Seaze on me bloudie butchers with your pawes,
It is but temporall that you can inflict.

Long. Brauely resolu'd braue Souldier by my life.

Friar. Harke you sir, I am afeard you will not be so resolu'd, by
that time you knowe so much as I can show you, here be hot
Dogges I can tell you, meanes to haue the baiting of you.

Mort. *Lluellen* in the midst of all thy braues,
How wilt thou vse thy brother, thou hast tane,
Wilt thou let his maister ransom him?

Lluel. No nor his mistres gallant *Mortismor*,
With all the golde and siluer of the land.

Mered. Raunsome this *Indas* to his fathers line,
Raunsome this traytor to his brothers life,
No take that earnest pennie of thy death,
This touche my lord comes nothing neere the marke.

Meredeth slabs him into the armes and shoulders.

Long. O damned villaine holde thy hands, Aske and haue.

Lluel. We will nor aske nor haue, seest thou these tooles?

He shruues him hot Pinfers.

These be the Dogges shall baite him to the death,
And shall by peecemeales teare his cursed flesh,
And in thy sight here shall he hang and pine.

Long. O villains, traitors, how will I be venged!

Lluel. What threats thou *Edward*,

Desperate mindes contemne,
That furie menaceth, see thy words effects.

He cuts his nose.

David.

of Edward Longshankes.

Dauid. O gracious heauens, dissolue me into clai,
This tirannie is more then flesh can beare.

Lon. Beare it braue minde, sith nothing but thy blood,
May satisfie in this extreame estate.

Suffex. My lord it is in vaine to threaten them,
They are resolu'd yee see vpon his death.

Long. *Suffex*, his death, they all shall buie it deare,
Offer them any fauour for his life,
Pardon, or peace, or ought what is beside:
So loue me God, as I regarde my friends.
Lluellen let me haue thy brothers life,
Euen at what rate and ransome thou wilt name.

Lluel. *Edvard* king *Edvard*, as thou list be teard,
Thou knowst thou hast my beaution *Elinor*,
Produce her forth, to plead for *Dauid*'s life,
She may obtaine more then an hoaste of men.

Long. Wilt thou exchange thy prisoner for thy loue?

Lluel. Take no more to me, let me see her face.

Morti. Why, will your maiestie be all so base,
To stoope to his demaunds in euery thing?

Long. Fetch her at once, good *Mortimor* be gone.

Morti. I go, but how vnwilling heauens doth knowe.

Mered. A pace *Mortimor* if thou loue thy friend.

Morti. I go for dearer then I leaue behinde.

Mortimor goes for *Elinor*, and conducts her in.

Long. See *Suffex* how he bleedeth in my eye,
That beareth fortunes shooke triumphantlie.

Friar. Saw haw, maister, I haue found, I haue found.

Lluel. What hast thou found *Friar*, ha?

Mered. Newes my Lord, a Star from out the Sea,
The same is risen, and made a somniers day.

*Then Lluellen spieth Elinor and Mortimor,
and sayeth thus.*

What *Nell*, sweete *Nell*, doe I beholde thy face?
Fall heauens, sicke starres, shine *Phabus* lampe no more,
This is the Planet lendes this worlde her light,
Stare of my fortune, this that shyneth bright,
Queene of my hart, load-starre of my delight,
Faie mould of Beautie, miracle of fame,
O let me die with *Elinor* in mine armes;

The Historie

What honour shall I lend thy loyaltie,
Or praye vnto thy sacred dietie.

Mort. Mairie this my Lord, if I may giue you counsell: sacrifice
this Tike in her fight, her friend: which being done, one of
your Souldiers may dip his foule shirt in his bloud; so shall you
be wanted with as many crosses as king *Edward*.

Long. Good cheere sir *David*, we shall vp anon.

Morti. Die *Mortimor*, thy life is almost gone.

Eli. Sweete Prince of Wales, were I within thine armes,
Then should I in peace possesse my loue,
And heauens open faire their christall gates,
That I may see the pallace of my intent.

Longsb. *Lluellen* set thy brother free,
Let me haue him, thou shalt haue *Elinor*.

Lluel. Sooth *Edward*, I doe prize my *Elinor*,
Deerer then lyte: but there belongeth more
To these affaires, then may content in loue.
And to be short, if thou wilt haue thy man,
Of whom I swear thou thinkest ouer well,
The safetie of *Lluellen* and his men
Must be regarded highly in this match:
Say therefore, and be short: Wilt thou giue peace,
and pardon to *Lluellen* and his men?

Longsb. I will herein haue time to be aduizd.

Lluel. King *Edward* no, we will admit no pause,
For goes this wretch, this traytor to the pot,
And if *Lluellen* be pursued soneare,
May chaunce to shewe thee such a tumbling cast,
As erst our father, when he thought to scape,
And broke his necke from *Iulius Casars* towne.

Suffex. My Lord, these Rebels all are desperate.

Morti. And *Mortimor* of all most miserable.

Longs. How say you Welshmen, will you leaue your armes,
And be true liegemen vnto *Edwards* crowne?

All the Sou'd. If *Edward* pardon surely what is past,
Vpon conditions we are all content.

Longsb. Belike you will condition with vs then.

Sould. Speciall conditions for our safetie first,
And for our countrey *Cambrias* common good,
T'auoyde the fusion of our guiltie blood.

Longsb. Go to, say on.

Sould. First, for our followers, and our selues and all,

We

Of Edward Longshankes.

We aske a pardon in the Princes word,
Then for this Lords possession in his loue:
But for our Countrey chiefe, these boones we beg,
And Englands promise princely to thy Wailes,
That none be *Cambrias* Prince to gouerne vs,
But he that is a Welshman borne in Wales,
Graunt this, and sweare it on thy knightly sword,
And haue thy man, and vs, and all in peace.

Lluel. Why *Cambria Britaines*, are you so incensed,
Will you deliuer me to *Edwardes* handes?

Sould. No Lord *Lluellen*, we will backe for thee,
Thy life, thy loue, and golden libertie.

Morti. A truce with honourable conditions tane,
Wales happines, Englandes glorie, and my bane.

Longs. Command retreat be founded in our Campea
Souldiers, I graunt at full what you request,
Dauid, good cheere: *Lluellen* open the gates.

Lluel. The gates are opened, enter thee and thine.

Dani. The sweetest Sunne that ere I saw to shine.

Longs. Madam, a brabble well begun for thee,
Be thou my guest, and fir *Lluellens* loue.

Exeunt.

Mortimor solus.

Mortimor, a brabble ill begun for thee,
A truce with capitall conditions tane:
A Prisoner sau'd, and ransomed with thy lyfe,
Edward my king, my Lord and loue deare,
Full little doost thou wot how this retreat,
As with a sword, hath slayne poore *Mortimor*.
Farewell the flower, the gem of beauties blaze,
Sweete *Eilex*, miracle of natures hand,
Lluellen in thy name, but heauen is in thy lookes,
Sweete *Venus* let me Saint or Diuell be,
In that sweete heauen or hell that is in thee.

Exit.

*Enter Iack and the Harper, getting a standing
against the Queene comes in.*

*The Trumpets sound, Quene Elinor in her litter borne by foure Negro
Mores, Ione of Acon with her, attended on by the Earle of Gloce-
ster, and her foure Footemen, one hauing set a Ladder to the side of
the Litter, she descended, and her daughter followeth.*

D 3.

Qu. Eli.

The Historie

Qu. Elin. Giue me my Pantaphels.

Fie this hot weather how it makes me sweate,
Hey ho my hart: ah I am passing faynt,
Giue me my Fanne that I may coole my face,
Hold take my Maske, but see you romple it not.
This wind and dust see how it smolders me:
Some drinke good *Gloster*, or I die for drinke.
Ah *Ned*, thou hast forgot thy *Nell* I see,
That shee is thus inforst to follow thee.

Gloster. This aires distemperature and please your Maiestie,
Noy some through mountaines vapours send thicke mist,
Vnpleasant needes must be to you and your company,
That neuer was wont to take the aire.
Till *Flora* haue perfumde the earth with sweetes,
With Lillies, Roses, Mints, and Eglantine.

Qu. Elin. I tell thee, the ground is all too base,
For *Elinor* to honor with her steps:
Whose footepace when shee progreſt in the streete,
Of *Acon* and the faire *Ierusalem*,
Was nought but costly Arras points:
Faire Iland Tapeſtrie and Azured filke,
My milke white Steede treading on cloth of Ray,
And trampling proundly vnderneath the feete,
Choyce of our English Wollen drapery:
This Climat orelowring with blacke congealed cloudes,
That takes their swelling from the marriſh soyle,
Fraught with infectious fogges and mistie dampes,
Is farre vnworthy to be once embalmd,
With redolence of this refreshing breath:
That sweetnesse, where it lights as do the flames,
And holy fires of *Vestaes* sacrifice.

Ione. Whose pleasant fieldes new planted with the Spring,
Make *Thameſis* to mount aboue the bankes,
And like a wanton wallowing vp and downe,
On *Floras* beds, and *Napees* ſiluer downe.

Gloſt. And Wales for me Madame, while you are heere,
No Climate good, vnleſſe your Grace be neere:
Would Wales had ought could pleaſe you halfe ſo well,
Or any precious thing in *Gloſters* gift,
Whereof your Ladſhip would challenge me.

Ione. Well ſayd my Lord, tis as my mother ſayes,
You men haue learnd to woo a thousand wayes.

Gloſt.

Of Edward Longshankes.

Gloster. O Madame had I learned against my neede,
Of all those wayes to woo, one way to speede!

My cunning then had been my fortunes guide.

Qu. Elin. Fayth *Ione*, I thinke thou must be *Glosters* bride!

Good Earle, how neare he steps vnto her side:

So soone this eie these younglings had espide,

He tell thee gile, when I was fayre and young,

I found such honny in sweete *Edwards* tongue,

As I could neuer spend one idle walke,

But *Ned* and I would peece it out with talke.

So you my Lord, when you haue got your *Ione*,

No matter, let Queene mother be alone.

Old *Nell* is mother now, and grandmother may,

The greenest grasse doth droupe and turne to hay:

Woo on kind Clarke, good *Gloster* loue thy *Ione*,

Her hart is thine, her eies is not her owne.

Gloster. This comfort Madam that your Grace doth giue,

Bindes me in double duetie whilst I liue,

Would God king *Edward* see and say no lesse.

Qu. Elin. *Gloster*, I warrant thee vpon my life,

My King vouchsafs his daughter for thy wife,

Sweete *Ned* hath not forgot since he did woo,

The gall of loue and all that longs thereto.

Gloster. Why was your Grace so coy to one so kinde?

Qu. Elin. Kind *Gloster*, so mee thinks in deede,

It seemes he loues his wife no more then needes,

That sendes for vs in all the speedy hast,

Knowing his Queene to be so great with childe,

And make me leaue my Princely pleasant seates,

To come into his ruder part of Wales.

Gloster. His Highnes hath some secret reason why

He wyssheth you to mooue from Englands pleasant Courts,

The Welshmen haue of long time suters beene,

That when the warre of Rebels sorts an end,

None might be Prince and ruler ouer them,

But such a one as was their countriman:

Which sute, I thinke his Grace hath graunted them.

Qu. Elin. So then it is King *Edwards* pollicie,

To haue his Sonne, forsooth Sonne if it be,

A Welshman: well Welshman it liketh me,

And heere he comes.

Enter

The Historie

Enter Edward Longshankes and his Lordes,
to the Queene and her footemen.

Longs. Nell, welcome into Walcs,
How fares my Elinor?

Qu. Eli. Neare worse, beshrow their harts tis long on.

Longs. Harts sweete Nell, throw no harts,
Where such sweete Saincts doe dwell.
He holdes her hand fast.

Qu. Eli. Nay then I see I haue my dreame: I pray let goe,
You will not, will you whether I will or no?
You are disposed to mooue me.

Longs. Say any thing but so:
Once Nell thou gauest me this.

Qu. Eli. I pray let goe, yee are disposed I thinke.

Longs. I Madame, very well.

Qu. Eli. Let goe, and be naught I say.

Longs. What ayles my Nell?

Qu. Eli. Aie me, what sodaine fits is this I prooue?
What griefe, what pinching payne, like youngmens loue,
That makes me maddling run thus too and froe?

Longs. What, mallencollie Nell?

Qu. Eli. My Lord, pray let me goe,
Giue me sweete water, why how hot it is?

G'ost. These be the fits, trouble mens wits.

Longs. Ione aske thy beautilous Mistres how she dooth,
Iane. How fares your maicstie?

Qu. Eli. Ione, agreeu'd at the hart, and angered worse,
Because I came not right in:
I thinke the King comes purposely to spight me
My fyngers itch till I haue had my will:
Proud Edward, call in thy Elinor, be still:
It will not be, nor rest I any where,
Till I haue set it soundly on his eare.

Ione. Is that the matter, then let me alone.

Qu. Eli. Fic, how I fret with griefe.

Longs. Come hither Ione, knowest thou what ayles my Queene?

Ione. Not I my Lord, shee longes I thinke, to giue your Grace a
boxe on th'eare.

Longs. Nay wench if that be all, wee'le eare it well.
What all a mort, how doth my dainty Nell?
Looke vp sweete loue: vnkind? not kisse me once?

That

of Edward Longshankes.

That may not be.

Qu. Eli. My lord I thinke you doe it for the notice.

Long. Sweete heart one kisse.

Qu. Eli. For Gods sake let me go.

Long. Sweete heart a kisse.

Qu. Eli. What, whether I will or no you wil not leaue: let be I saye

Long. I must be better chidde.

Qu. Eli. No will? take that then lusty lord: Sir, leaue when you are hidde.

Long. Why so, this chare is charde.

Gloster. A good one by the roode,

Qu. Eli. No force no harme.

Long. No harme, that doth my *Elinor* any good. (yoke:

Learne lords gainst you be married men to bow to womens

And sturdy though you be, you may not stir for euery stroke;

Now my sweete *Nell*, how doth my Queene?

Qu. Eli. Shee vaunts that mighty England hath felt her fist:

Taken a blow basely at *Elinors* hand,

And vaunt shee may, good leaue being curst and coy, (boy.

Lacke nothing *Nell*, whilst thou hast brought thy lorde a louely

Veniacion I am sicke good *Katherine* I pray thee be at hand.

Kath. Spain. This sickenes I hope will bring King *Edward*
A iollic boy.

Longsh. And *Katherine*, who brings me that newes, shall
not goe empie handed.

Exite omnes.

Enter Mortimor, Lluelien, and Meredith.

Mortimor. Farewel *Lluelien* with thy louing *Nell*.

Exit Mortimor.

Lluelien. Godamercy *Mortimor*, and so farewell.

Mere. farewell and be hangde half *Simons* sapons brood.

Lluelien. Good words Sir *Rice*, wronges haue best remedy,

So taken with time patience and pollicy.

But where is the Friar, who can tel?

Enter Friar.

Friar. That can I maister very wel,

And saie I faith, what hath befall:

Must we at once to heauen or hel?

Elinor. To heauen Friar, Friar no fie,

Such heauie soules moumt not so hie.

Friar. Then Friar lie thee downe and die,

Friar lies downe.

E

And

The Historie

And if any aske the reason why?
Answered and say, thou canst not tell,
Vnles because thou must to hell.

Eli. No Friar, because thou didst rebel,
Gentle Sir *Rice* ring out thy knel.

Lluellen. And *Maddocke* towle thy passing bel.

So, there lies a straw, and now to the law maisters and frienders;
naked came we into the world, naked are we turned out of the
good townes into the wilderness: let me say *Masse*, mee thinkes
we are a handsome Common-wealth, a handfull of good fel-
lowes, set a sunning to dog on our owne discretion: What say
you Sir? We are enough to keepe a passage: will you be ruled
by mee? weele get the next day from *Brecknocke* the booke of
Robin Hood; the Friar he shall instruct vs in this cause, and weele
euen heere faire and well, since the King hath put vs amongst
the discarding Cardes, & as it were turned vs with dewces and
trayes out of the decke, euery man rake his standing on *Man-
nocke deny*, and wander like irregulers vp & downe the wilder-
nelle; He be maister of misrule, He be *Robin Hood* thats once:
cousin *Rice* thou shalt be little *John*; and heers Friar *David* as
fit as a die for Friar *Tucke*: Now my sweete *Nell*, if you will
make vp the messe with a good hart for Mayd-marrian, and
doe well with *Lluellen* vnder the greene-wood trees, with as
good a will as in the good townes: why, *plena est curia*.

Elin. My sweetest loue, and this my infracte fortune, could neuer
vaunt her souerainy; & shouldest thou passe the foord of *Pble-
geton*, or with *Leander* win the *Hellispont* in deserts: *Oeno-
phrius* euer dwell, or buyld thy bowie on *Aetnas* fierie tops,
thy *Nell* would follow thee, and keepe with thee; thy *Nell* would
feede with thee, and sleepe with thee.

Friar. *O Cupido quantus quantus.*

Mere. Brauely resolved Madam, and then what restes my Lord
Robin, but we will lue & die together like Chamber *Britaines*;
Robin Hood, little *John*, Friar *Tucke*, and Mayd-marrian.

Lluellen. There restes nothing now cosin, but that I sell my chaine
to set vs all in greene, and weele all play the *Pioners* to make vs
a Caue and a Cabban for all weathers.

Elin. My sweete *Lluellen*, though this sweete be gall,
Patience doth conquer me by out suffering all.

Friar. Now *Manmoeke deny* I holde thee a peny,
Thou shalt haue neither sheepe nor goate:
But Friar *David*: *VVill* fleeces his coate,

Where

of Edward Longshankes.

Where euer Iacke my Nouice iet.
Alis filbe with him that comes to net,
Dauid this yeare thou paicst no dette.

Exeunt ambas

Enter Mortimor solus.

Mortimor. Why Friar is it so plaine in deede
Lluellen art thou flatly so resolute,
To roist it out and roust so neare the kings?
What, shal we haue a passage kept in Wales:
For men at armes and knights aduenturous?
By cocke Sir *Rice* I see no reason why,
Young *Mortimor* should make one among,
And play his part on *Manmoeke* dying here,
For loue of his beloued *Elinor*:
His *Elinor* where shee his I wote,
The bitter Northern winde vppon the plaines:
The dampes that rise from out the queise plots:
Nor influence of cantagious aire should touch,
But shee should court yet with the proudest dames,
Rich in attire and sumptuous in her fare:
And take her ease in beds of safest Downe:
Why *Mortimor* may not thy offers moue,
And win sweete *Elinor* from *Lluellens* luer:
Why plesant gold and gentle eloquence,
Haue tyt the chafest *Nymphs*, the fairest dames,
And vaunts of words, delights of wealth and ease,
Haue made a *Nunne* to yeelde *Lluellens*,
Being set to see the last of desperate chance,
Why should so faire a starre stand in a vale?
And not to be seene to sparkle in the like,
It is enough *Ioue* change his glittering robes
To see *Menmosyne* and the flies:
Maisters haue after gentle *Robin hood*,
You are not so wel accompanied I hope:
But if a potter come to plaie his part,
Youle giue him stripes or welcome good or worse:
Goe *Mortimor* and make their loue holidiaies,
The king wil take a common scuse of thee,
And who hath more men to attend then *Mortimor*.

Exit Mortimor.

E 2.

Enter

The Historie

Enter Lluellen, Meredith, Friar, Elinor, and their traine.

*They are all clad in greene. &c. sing. &c. Bliſh and bonny:
the ſong ended, Lluellen ſpeaketh.*

Lluellen. Why ſo, I ſee my mates of olde,
All were not lies that Bedlams told:
Of Robin Hood and little Iohn,
Friar Tucke and Maide marian.

Friar. I forſooth maister.

Lluellen. How well they couch in forreſt greene,
Froleck and liuelie with oaten teene:
And ſpent their daie in game and glee,
Lluellen doe ſeeke if ought pleaſe thee,
Nor though thy foot be out of towne,
Let thine looke blacke on *Edwards* Crowne.
Nor thinke this greene is not ſo gaie,
As was the golden rich array:
And if ſweete *Nel* my *Marian*,
Trust me, as I am Gentleman:
Thou art as fine in this attire:
As fine and fitte to my deſire,
As when of Leſters Hal and bowre,
Thou wert the roſe and ſweeteſt flowre:
How ſaiſt thou Friar ſay I wel?
For any thing becomes my *Nell*.

Friar. Neuer made man of a woman borne,
A Bullockes taile a blowing horne,
Nor can an Aſſes hide diſguiſe,
A Lion if he rampe and riſe.

Eli. My Lord, the Friar is wondrous wiſe.

Lluellen. Beleeue him for he tels no lies.

But what doth little *Iohn* deuife?

Meredith. That Robin Hood beware of ſpies,
An aged ſaying and a true,
Blacke wil take no other hue.
He that of old hath beene thy foe:
Wil die but wil continue ſo.

Friar. O maiſters, whither ſhal we, doth any liuing
creature knowe?

Lluellen. *Rice* and I will walke the round,
Friar ſee about the ground.

Of Edward Longshankes.

Enter Mortimor.

And spoile what praie is to be found.
My loue I leaue within in trust,
Because I knowe thy dealing iust:
Come Porter come and welcome to,
Fare as we fare, and doe as we doe

Exit Lluelien & Meredith.

Friar. Nell adiew, we goe for newes,
A little serues the Friars lust,
When *Nolens volens* fast I must,
Maister at all that you refuse.

Mortimor. Such a porter would I choose,
When I meane to blinde a skuse,
While *Robin* walke with little *John*,
The Friar wil lick his marrian.
So wil the Porter if he can:

Eli. Now Friar sith your lord is gone,
And you and I are left alone,
What can the Friar doe or saie,
To passe the wearie time away?
Wearie God wot, poore wench to thee,
That neuer thought these daies to see.

Mortimor. Breake heart, and split mine eies in twaine,
Neuer let me heare those wordes againe.

Friar. What can the Friar doe or saie?
To passe the wearie time awaie:
More dare I doe, then he dare saie,
Because he doubts to haue away.

Eli. Doe somewhat Friar, saie or sing,
That may to sorrowes solace bring,
And I meane while wil Garlands make.

Morti. O *Mortimor* were it for thy sake,
A Garland were the happiest stake:
That euer this band vnhappy drew.

Friar. Mistres shal I tel you true,
I haue a song I learnd it long agoe,
I wot not whether yole like it wel or ill,
Tis thort and sweete, but somewhat bralde before,
Once let me sing it and I aske no more.

Eli. What Friar will you so indeede,
A grees it somewhat with your neede?

Friar. Why Mistres shal I sing my creede.

The Historie

Eli. That's fitter of the two at neede.

Morti. O wench how maist thou hope to speede?

Friar. O mistres out it goes.

Looke what comes next the Friar throgs.

The Frier sittes along and singes.

Morti. Such a sitting who euer saw,

An Eagles bird of a lacke dawe.

Eli. So Sir, is this all?

Morti. Sweete heartheres no more.

Eli. How now good fellow more indeede,

By one then was before.

Friar. How now the duell in steede of a dittie.

Morti. Friar a dittie come late from the citie,

To aske some pittie of this lasse so pretty:

Some pittie sweete mistres I praie you.

Eli. How now Friar where are we now, and you play not the man?

Friar. Friend Copes-mare, you that come late from the Citie,

To aske some pittie of this lasse so prettie,

In likenes of a doleful dittie,

Hang me if I doe not paie yee.

Mortismor. O Friar you grow chollericke:

Well, yole haue no man to Court your mistres but your selfe.

On my word ile take you dwone a botton hole.

Friar. Ye talke, ye talke childe.

Enter Lluelien and Meredith

Lluelien. Tis wel potter you fight in a good quarrel,

Meredith. Mas this blade wil holde, let mee see then Friar?

Friar. Mines for mine owne turne I warrant; giue him his tooles,
rise and lets to it, but no change and if you loue me, I skorne the
oddes I can tel you: see faire play and you be Gentlemen.

Lluelien. Mary shall we Friar: let vs see, be their stauers of a lenght
good: so now let vs deeme of the matter Friar and Potter with-
out more clatter, I haue cast your water, and see as deepe into
your desire, as he that hadde diued euerie day into your bosome:

O Friar, wil nothing serue your turne but Larkes.

Are such fine birds for such course Clarkes,

None but my *Marian* can serue your turne.

Eli. Castwater, for the house wil burne.

Frier.

Of Edward Longshankes.

Friar. O mistres, mistres, flesh is fraile,
Ware when the signe is in the taile,
Mightie is loue and doth preuaile.

Lluellen. Therefore Friar shalt thou not faile,
But mightily your foe assaile:
And thrash this Potter with thy flaile.
And Potter neuer raue nor raile,
Nor aske questions what I aile:
But take this tooke and doe not quaile,
But thrash this Friars rustier coate:

They take the Flailes.

And make him sing a dastards note,
And crie *Peccavi miserere David.*

In amo amari: Goe to.

Mortimor. Strike, strike.

Friar. Strike Potter be thou liefse or loth,
And if youle not strike ile strike for both.

Potter strikes.

Potter. He must needs go that the diuel driues,
Then Friar beware of other mens wiues.

Friar strikes.

Friar. I wish maister proud Potter the Diuell hane my soule,
But ile make my flaile *circumscribe* your noule.

Lluellen. Why so, now it cottens, now the game beginnes.

One knaue currieth another for his sinnes.

Friar kneeles.

Friar. O maister shorten my offences in mine eies,
If this Crucifixe doe not suffice,

Send me to Heauen in a hempen sacrifice.

Mortimor kneeles.

Mortimor. O maisters, maisters, let this bewarning:

The Friar hath infected me with his learning.

Lluellen. Villaines, do not touch the forbidden haire
now to delude, or to dishonor me.

Friar. O maister, *que negata sunt grata sunt.*

Lluellen. Rice, euerie day thus shal it be, wee le haue a thrashing
set among the Friars, and he that of these chalengers laies on
slowest loade, bethou at hand *Rice* to gore him with thy gode.

Friar. A Potter Potter, the Friar may rue,
That euer this day this our quarrel he knew:
My pate adle, mine armes blacke and blue.

Potter. Ah Friar who may his fates force etchew,
I thinke Friar you are prettilie scholde,

Friar. And I thinke the Potter is handsomlic coold,

Exeunt ambo.

Morti.

The Historie

Morti. No *Mortimor*, here that Eternall fire,
That burnes, and flames with brands of hot desires.
Why *Mortimor*, why dost thou not discover,
Thy selfe her knight, her hegeman, and her louer?
Exit Mortimor.

Enter John Balioll, King of Scots with his traine.
Lords of Albana, and my peeres in France,
Since *Balioll* is inuested in his rights,
And weares the roial Scottish Diadem,
Time is to rouze him that the world may wotte,
Scotland disdaines to carrie Englands yoke:
Therefore my friends thus put in readines,
Why slacke we time to greeete the English king?
With resolute message to let him knowe our minds,
Lord *Versses* though thy faith and oath be tane,
To follow *Baliols* armes for Scotlands right,
Yet is thy heart to Englands honour knit,
Therefore in spite of England and thy selfe,
Beare thou defiance proudly to thy king,
Tell him *Albania* findes heart and hope,
To shake off Englands tyranny bee time,
To reskue Scotlands honor with his sword.
Lorde *Bruze* see cast about *Versses* necke,
A strangling halter that he minde his hast.
How saiest thou *Versses*, wilt thou doe this message?
Versses. Although no common post, yet for my king
I will to England maugre Englands might,
And doe mine arrand boldly as becomes,
Albeit I honor English *Edwards* name,
And hold this slauiish contemnement to skorne.
Balioll. Then hie away as swift as swallow flies,
And meete me on our rodes on Englands ground,
We there thinke of thy messags and thy hast

Sound Thrumpets

Exit Balioll.

*Enter King Edward Longshankes, Edmund Duke of
Lancaster, Gloster, Suffex, David, Crespall
booted from Northam*

Longs. Now haue I leasure Lords to bid you welcome into Wales.
Welcome sweete *Edmund* to christen thy young nephew,
And welcome *Cresingham*, giue me thy hand,

But

of Edward Longshankes.

But *Sussex* what became of *Mortimer*?

We haue not scene the man this manie daie.

Sussex. Before your highnes rid from hence to Northam.

Sir Roger was a suter to your grace,

Touching faire *Elinor Lluelkens* loue,

And so belike denide, with discontent

A discontinues from your Roial presence.

Longsh. Why *Sussex* saide we not for *Elinor*,

So she would leaue whom she had loued too long,

Shee might haue fauour with my Queene and me:

But man, her minde about her fortune mounts,

And thats a cause she failes in her accounts.

But goe with me my lord of *Lancaster*.

We will go see my beatusous louely Queene,

Thar hath inricht me with a goodly boie.

King Edward, Edmund, and Gloster, goes into the Queenes

Chamber, the Queenes Tent opens, shee is discouered

in her bed, attended by Mary Dutches of Lan-

caster, Ione of Acon her daughter, and the

Queene dandles his young sonne.

Longsh. Ladies by your leaue; how doth my *Nell*, mine owne, my
loue, my life, my hart, my deare, my doue, my Queene, my wife?

Eli. Ned, art thou come sweete Ned: Welcome my ioy.

Thy *Nell* presents thee with a louely boy,

Kisse him, and christen him after thine owne name.

Hey ho, whom do I see? my lord of *Lancaster*: welcome hartely.

Lancaster. I thanke your grace, sweete *Nell* wel mette withall.

Qu. Eli. Brother *Edmund* heers a kinsman of yours, you must
needes be acquainted.

Edmund. A goodly boy, God bleffe him: giue mee your hand,
Sir you are welcome into Wales.

Qu. Elin. Brother, thers a fist I warrant you, will holde a Mace
as fast as cuer did father or grandfather before him.

Longsh. But tel me, now lapt in Lillie bands,
How with the Queene, my louely boie it stands:
After thy iourney and these childbed paines.

Qu. Eli. Sicke mine owne Ned thy *Nell* for thy compaies:
That lured her with thy lies all so farre,
To follow thee vnweldie in thy warte:
But I forgiue thee Ned, my lims delight:

The Historie

So thy young Sonne thou see be brauely dighe,
And in *Carnaruan* christened royally.
Sweete Ioue, let him be lapt most curiously,
He is thine owne, as true as he is thine,
Take order then that he be passing fine.

Longs. My louely Lady, let that care be lesse,
For my young Sonne the Countrey will I feast,
And haue him borne as brauely to the Funt,
As euer yet Kings sonne to Christning went.
Lacke thou no precious thing to comfort thee,
Deare are then Englands Diadem vnto mee.

Qu. Elin. Thankes gentle Lord: Nurse rocke the Cradle, fie;
The King so neare, and heare the boy to crie?
Ioue, take him vp and sing a *Lullabie*.

Longs. Tis well belecue me wench, godamercie *Ioue*.

Edmund. Shee learns my Lord to lull a young one of her owne.

Qu. Elin. Giue me some drinke.

Longs. Drinke *Nectar* my sweete *Nell*,
Worthy for seat in heauen with *Ioue* to dwell.

Elin. Gramercis *Ned*: now well remembered yet,
I haue a suite sweete Lord, but you must not denie it,
Whereas my Lord of *Gloster*; good *Gloster*, mine host, my guide,
Good *Ned* let *Ioue* of *Acon* be his bride:
Assure your selfe that they are throughly wood.

Longs. God send the King be taken in the mood,
Then Neece, tis like that you shall haue a husband:
Come hither *Gloster*; hold, giue her thy hand,
Take her, sole daughter to the Queene of England:

Longs. giues her to *Gloster*.

For newes he brought *Nell* of my young Sonne,
I promist him as much as I haue done.

Gloster and Ioue hand in hand.

Wee humbly thanke your Maiestie.

Edmund. Much ioy may them betide,

A gallant Bridegroome, and a princely Bride.

Longs. Now say sweete Queene what doth my Lady craue?

Tell me what name shall this young Welshman haue,

Borne Prince of Wales by *Cambrias* full consent.

Elin. *Edward* the name, that doth me well content.

Longs. Then *Edward* of *Carnaruan* shall he be,

And Prince of Wales, christned in royaltie.

D. Ed.

of Edward Longshankes.

D. Edmund. My Lord, I thinke the Queene would take a nappe.

Jone. Nurse take the childe, and hold it in your lappe.

Longs. Farewell good *Jone*, be carefull of my Queene:
Sleepe *Nell*, the fairest Swan mine eyes haue seene.

They close the Tent.

D. Edmund. I had forgot to aske your Maiestie,
How doe you with the Abbies heere in Wales?

Longs. As Kinges with Rebels mun, our right preuailes:
We haue good *Robin Hood* and little *John*,
The Friar and the good *Maide marrian*.
Why our *Lluellen* is a mightie man.

Gloster. Trust me my Lord, me thinkes twere very good,
That some good fellowes went and scourd the wood,
And take in hand to cudgell *Robin Hood*.
I thinke the Friar for all his lusty lookes,
Nor *Robin* rule with their gleames and bookes,
But would be quickly driven to the nookes.

Dauid. I can assure your highnes what I knowe,
The false *Lluellen* will not runne nor goe:
Or giue an inche of ground come man for man,
Nor that proude rebel called little *John*,
To him that welds the massiest sword of England.

Gloster. Welshman, how wilt thou that we vnderstand,
But for *Lluellen*, *Dauid* I denie,
England hath men will make *Lluellen* flie,
Maugre his beard, and hide him in a hole,
Wearie of Englands dints and manly dole.

D. Edm. *Gloster*, grow not so hot in Englands right,
That paints his honor out in cuerie fight.

Longs. By Gis faire Lords ere many daies be past,
England that giue this *Robin Hood* his breakefast.

Dauid, be secrete friend to that I saie,
And if I vse thy skill thou knowest the waie,
Where this proude *Robin* and his yeomen roome.

Dauid. I do my Lord and blindfold thither can I run.

Longsh. *Dauid* enough, as I am a Gentleman,
He haue one merrie flirt with little *John*,
And *Robin Hood*, and his *Maide marrian*:
Be thou my counsell and my companie,
And thou maist Englands resolution see.

Enter

The Historie

Enter Suffex before the foure Barons of Wales.

Suffex. May it please your maiestie, here are foure good Squires of the *Cantreds* where they doe dwell, come in the name of the whole countrey to gratulate vnto your highnes all your good fortunes, and by me offer their most humble seruice to your young sonne their Prince, whom they most hartely beseech God to blesse with long life and honor.

Longsh. Wel said *Suffex*, I pray bid them come neare,

Sir Dau. trust me, this is kindly don of your countrey men.

Dauid. Villains, Traitors to the ancient glory and renowne of *Cambria*, *Morris Vaghan* art thou there, and thou proud Lord of *Anglesee*.
They kneele downe.

*Enter Suffex with the foure Barrons of Wales,
with the Mantle of frize.*

Mantle Barrons. The poore countrey of *Cambria* by vs vnworthie messengers, gratulats to your maiestie the birth of your young sonne Prince of Wales, and in this poore preft exprest their most zealous duetie and affection, which with all humblenes we present to your highnes sweete and sacred hands.

Longsh. Gramercis Barones for your giftes and good wils, by this meanes my boie shal weare a Mantle of cuntries weauing to keepe him warme, and liue for Englands honor and *Cambrias* good. I shall not neede (I trust) curteously to inuite you, I doubt not Lords but you wil be all in readines to waite on your young Prince, and doe him honor at his christning.

Suffex. The whole countrey of *Cambria* rounde about, all well horst, & attended on both men & women in their best aray, are come downe to do seruice of loue and honor to our late borne Prince, your Maiesties sonne and honnie: the men and women of *Sorvdon* especially haue sent in great abundance of cattle & corne enough by computation, for your highnes household a whole month and more.

Long. We thanke them all, and wil present our Queene with these curtesies and presents bestowed on her young Son, and greatly account you for our friends.
Exite. 4. Barons.

*The Queens Tent opens, the King his brother
the Earle of Gloster enter.*

Elinor. Who talketh there?

Longsh. A friend Madam.

longe.

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Of Edward Longshankes.

Ione. Madam, it is the King.

Elinor. Welcome my Lord: hey he, what haue wee there?

Longsh. Madam the countrey in all kindnes and duty recommend their seruice and good will to your sonne, and in token of their pure good will, presents him by vs with a mantle of frize richlie lined to keepe him warme.

Qu. Elinor. A mantle of frize: fie fie, for Gods sake let me here no more of it and if you loue me: hee my lord, is this the wisdome and kindnes of the countrey? now I commend me to them all, and if Wales haue no more witte or manners then to cloath a Kings sonne in frize, I haue a mantle in store for my boie, that shall (I trowe) make him shine like the sunne, and perfume the streetes where he comes.

Longsh. In good time Madam, he is your owne, lap him as you list: but I promise thee *Nell*, I would not for ten thousand pounds, the countrey should take vnkindnes at thy wordes.

Qu. Eli. Tis no maruile sure, you haue beene roially receaued at their handes: no *Ned*, but that thy *Nell* doth wante of her will, her boie should glister like the Sommers Sunne in robes as rich as *Ioue* when hee triumphes.

His pappe should be of precious *Nectar* made,
His food *Ambrosia*, no earthlie womans milke:
Sweete fires of Sinamon to open him by,
The *Graces* on his cradle should attend,
Venus should make his bed and waite on him,
And *Phebus* daughter sing him still a sleepe.
Thus would I haue my boie vsed as deuine,
Because he is king *Edwardes* sonne and mine.
And doe you meane to make him vp in frize,
For Gods sake lay it vp charilie, and perfume it against winter,
It wil make him a goodly warme Christemas coate.

Longsh. Ah *Mun* my brother, dearer then my life,
How this proude honor slaies my heart with griefe.
Sweete Queene how much I pittie the effects,
This Spanish pride grees not with Englands prince:
Milde is the mind where honor builds his bowre,
And yet is earthlie honor but a flowre.
Fast to thole lookes are all my fancies tide,
Pleasde with thy sweetnes, angry with thy pride.

Qu. Eli. Fie fie, me thinkes I am not where I should be,
Or at the least, I am not where I would be.

Longsh. What wants my Queene to perfect her content,

The Historie

But aske an I haue, the King will not repent.

Qu. Eli. Thankes gentle *Edward*: Lords haue at you then,
Haue at you all long bearded Englishmen,
Haue at you Lords and Ladyes when I craue,
To giue your English pride a Spanish braue.

Longs. What meanes my Queene *Gloster*? this is a Spanish fite.

Qu. Eli. Ned thou hast graunted, and canst not reuoke it.

Longs. Sweete Queene say on, my word shall be my deede.

Qu. Eli. Then shall my wordes make many a bosome bleede.
Reede Ned thy Queenes request lapt vp in rime,
And say thy *Nell* had skill to choose her time.

Read the paper Rice.

The pride of Englishmens long haire,
Is more then Englands Queene can beare:
Womens right breast cut them off all,
And let the great tree perish with the small.

Longs. What meanes my louely *Elinor* by this?

Qu. Elin. Not be denide, for my request it is.

*The rime is, that mens beardes and womens
breastes be cut off. &c.*

D Edmund. *Gloster*, an old sayd saying: He that graunts all is askt
Is much harder then *Hercules* taske.

Gloster. Were the King so mad as the Queene is wood,
Heere were an end of Englands good.

Longs. My word is past, I am well agreede,
Let mens beards milt, and womens boosoms bleede.
Call forth my Barbers: Lords, wee le first begin.

Enter two Barbers.

Come firra, cut me close vnto the chinne,
And round mee euen (seest thou) by a dish,
Leaue not a locke; my Queene shall haue her wish.

Qu. Elin. What Ned, those lockes that euer pleased thy *Nell*?
Were her desire, where her delight doth dwell,
Wilt thou deface that siluer laborinth,
More orient then pimpilde Hyacinth?
Sweete Ned, thy sacred person ought not droupe,
Though my commaunde make other gallants stoupe.

Longs. Madam, pardon me and pardon all,
No iustice, but the great runnes with the small.
Tell mee good *Gloster*, art thou not affeard?

Gloster. No my Lord, but resolute to lose my beard.

Longs. Now Madam, if you purpose to proceede,

To

Of Edward Longshankes.

To make so many guiltles Ladyes bleede,
Heere must the law begin, sweete *Elinor* at thy breast,
And stretch it selfe with violence to the rest,
Else Princes ought no other doe,
Faile Lady, then they would be done vnto.

Q. Elin. What logicke call you this, doth *Edward* mocke his loue?

Long. No *Nell*, he doth as best in honor doth behoue,
And prayes thee gentle *Queene*, and let my prayer moue:
Leaue these vngentle thoughts, put on a mylder minde,
Sweete lookes, not loffie; cruell mood becomes a womans kind:
And liue, as being dead and buried in the ground,
Thou mayst for affability and honor be renownd.

Qu. Elin. Nay and you preach, I pray my Lord be gon,
The childe will cry and trouble you anon.

The Nurse closeth the Tent.

Quo semel est imbuta recens seruat odor Testa diu.

L. Maris. Proud incest in the cradle of disdaine,
Bred vp in court of pride, brought vp in Spaine,
Doe'st thou commaund him coyly from thy sight,
That is the starre, the glorie of thy light.

Long. O could I with the riches of my Crowne,
Buy better thoughts for my renowned *Nell*,
Thy minde sweete *Queene* should be as beautifull,
As is thy face, as is thy features all,
Fraught with true honor, treasure, and enricht
With vertues, and glory incomparable.

Ladyes about her Maieslie, see that the *Queene* your mother
know not so much, but at any hand our pleasure is, that our
young Sonne be in this Mantle borne to his Christening, for
speciall reasons is thereto mouing; from the Church as best it
please your womens wittes to deuise: yet sweete *Ione*, see this
faythfully performed: and heare you daughter, looke you be
not last vp when this day comes, least *Gloster* finde an other
Bride in your steede: *Dauid* goe wih me.

Gloster. Shee riseth early *Ione*, that beguileth thee of a *Gloster*.

Edmund. Beleue him not sweete Neece, we-men can speake
smooth for aduantage.

Ione. We-men doe you meane, my good vnckle?

Well, be the accent where it will, wemen are wemen; I will
beleue you for as great a matter as this comes to my Lord.

Gloster. Gramercis sweete Lady, & habebis fidei mercedem contra.

Exite.

Enter

The Historie

*Enter the Nouice and his company to giue the
Queene Musick at her Tent.*

Nouice. Come fellowes, cast your selues euen round in a string,
a ring I would say: come merelie on my word, for the Queene is
most liberall; and if you will please her well, shee will pay you
royally, so lawfull to braue wel thy *Britishe* lustlie, to solace our
good Queene (God saue her Grace) & giue our young Prince a
carpell in their kinde: come on, come on, set your crouds and
beate your heads together, and behaue you handsomelie.

Here they sing

Enter the Friar Dauid alone.

Friar. I haue a budget in my nose this gay morning, and now
will I trie how clarkly the Friar can behaue himselfe: tis a
common fashion to get golde with stand, deliuer your purses:
Friar Dauies wil once in his daies get money by witte; there is
a rich Farmer should passe this waies to receaue a round sum
of money, if hee come to me the money is mine, and the law
shall take no vantage; I will cut off the law as the hangman
would cut a man downe when he hath shaken his heeles halfe
an houre vnder the gallows: well, I must take some pains for
this gold, and haue at it.

The Friar spreads the lappet of his gowne and fals to dice.

Enter a Farmer.

Farmer. Tis an old said saying, I remember I read it in *Catoes Pue-
riles*, that *Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator*. A mans purse pen-
nilesse, may sing before a thiefe: true, as I haue not one pennie,
which makes me so peartly passe through these thickets, but in
deede I receaue a hundred marks, and all the care is how I shall
passe againe well: I resoiued either to ride twenty miles about,
or else to be so well accompanied, that I will not care for these
rufflers.

Friar. Did euer man play with such vncircumcised handes, see ace
to cleuen and lose the chaunce.

Farmer. God speede good fellow, why chafest thou so fast, there
no body will win thy money from thee.

Friar. Sounds you offer me iniury Sir, to speake in my cast.

Farmer. The Friar vndoubtedly is lunaticke: I pray thee good
fellow leaue chaffing, and get some warme drinke to comfort

Thy

of Edward Longshankes.

Thy braines.

Friar. Alas Sir I am not lunaticke, tis not so well, for I haue lost my money, which is farre worke: I haue lost five goble Nobles to *S. Francis*, and if I knew where to meete with his receauer I would paie him presently.

Farmer. Wouldst thou speake with *S. Francis* receauer?

Friar. O Lord, I Sir full gladlie.

Farmer. Why man I am *S. Francis* receauer, if you would haue anie thing with him.

Friar. Are you *S. Francis* receauer, Iesus, Iesus, are you *S. Francis* receauer: and how does all?

Farmer. I am his receauer, and am now going to him: a bids *S. Thomas a Waterings* to breakfast this morning to a Calfes head and bacon.

Friar. Good Lord, Sir I beseech you to carrie him these five Nobles, and tell him I deale honestlie with him as if he were here present.

Farmer. I will of my word and honestie Friar, and so farewell.

Friar. Farewell *S. Francis* receauer euen hartely: well now the Friar is out of cast five Nobles, God knowes how he shal come into cast againe: but I must to it againe; theres nine for your holines, and sixe for me.

Enter Lluelien, Meredith, Potter, with thier prisoners.

Lluelien. Come on my harts, bring foorth your Prisoners, and let vs see what store of fishe is there in their pursenets: Friar, why chafest thou man? heeres no body will offer thee any foule play I warrant thee.

David. O good Maister giue me leaue, my hand is in a little, I trust I shall recouer my losses.

Lluelien. The Friar is mad: but let him alone with his deuice; and now to you my maisters, Pedler, Priest, and Piper, throw downe your budgets in the meane while, and when the Friar is at leisure, he shall tell you what you shall trust to.

Pedler. Alas sir, I haue but three pence in the corner of my shoe.

Meredith. Neuer a shoulder of Mutton Piper in your Taber?

But soft, heere comes company.

Enter Longshankes, David, Farmer.

Farmer. Alas Gentlemen, if you loue your selues, do not venture through this Mounaine, heers such a coyle with *Robin Hood* and his rabble, that euery croffe in my purle trembles for feare.

Longs. Honest man, as I layd to thee before, conduct vs through
G this

The Historie

this Wood, and if thou beest robde, or haue any violence offered thee, as I am a Gentleman I will repaie it thee againe.

Dauid. How much money hast thou about thee?

Farmer. Faith Sir a hundred marks, I receiued it euen now at Breaknocke: but out alas we are vndone, yonder is Robin Hood and all the strong theeves in the mountaine, I haue no hope left but your honors assurance.

Longsb. Feare not I will be my words maister.

Friar. Good maister and if you loue the Friar, giue aine a while, I you desire:

And as you like of my deuice,
so loue him that holdes the dice.

Farmer. What Friar art thou stil laboring so hard, wil you haue aine thing more to S. Francis?

Friar. Good lord are you heere sweet S. Francis receauer, how doth his holines and al his good familie?

Farmer. In good health faith Friar, hast thou any Nobles for him?

Friar. You knowe the dice are not partiall, and Saint Francis were ten S. they wil fauor him no more then they would fauour the Diuel if he plaie at dice: in verie truth my friend they haue fauored the Friar, and I haue won a C. marks of S. Francis, come Sir I praie, sirra draw it ouer, I know sirra he is a good man & neuer deceaues none.

Farmer. Draw it ouer, what meanest thou by that?

Fri. Why *innumeratis pecuniis legem pone*, paie me my winnings.

Farmer. What alle is this, should I paie thee thy winnings?

Friar. Why art not thou sirra Saint Francis receauer?

Farmer. In deed I doe receaue for Saint Francis.

Friar. Then ile make you pay for S. Francis, thats flat.

Bufling on both sides.

Farmer. Helpe helpe, I am robde, I am robde.

Longs. Villaine you wrong the man, hands off.

Friar. Maisters I beseech you leaue this brawling, and giue me I caue to speake: So it is, I went to dice with S. Francis, and lost fve Nobles, by good fortune his Cashier came by, receaued it of me in ready cash, I being very desirous to try my fortune further, playde still; and as the dice not being bound prentise to him or any man, fauoured me, I drew a hand and won a hundred marks: now I referre it to your iudgements whither the Friar is to seeke his winnings.

Long. Marie Friar, the Farmer must and shall pay thee honestly ere

of Edward Longshankes.

ere he passe.

Farmer. Shall I sir, why will you be content to pay halfe, as you promist me.

Long. I Farmer if you had been robde of it : but if you be a gamester, Ile take no charge of you I.

Farmer. Alas, I am vndone.

Lluellen. So sir Friar, now you haue gathered vp your winnings, I pray you stand vp and giue the messengers their charge that *Robin Hood* may reccaue his Foule.

Friar. And shall My Lord. Our thrise renowned *Lluellen* Prince of Wales and *Robin Hood* of the great Mountaine, doth will and commaund all passengers, at the sight of *Richard* seruant vnto me *Friar David ap Take* to lay downe their weapons, and quietly to yeele, for custome towardes the maintenance of his highnes Warres, the halfe of all such golde, siluer, money, and money worth as the sayd messenger hath then about him : but if he conceale any part or parcell of the same, then shall he forfeite all that he possesseth at that present; and this sentence is irreuocable, confirmed by our Lord *Lluellen* Prince of Wales, and *Robin Hood* of the great Mountaine.

Lluellen. So, vayne your budgets to *Robin* of the Mountaine: But what art thou that disdaynest to pay this custome, as if thou scornest the greatnes of the Prince of Wales?

Long. Fayth *Robin* thou seemest to be a good fellow, theres my bagge, halfe is mine and halfe is thine : but lets to it if thou darst man for man, to try who shall haue the whole.

Lluellen. Why thou speakest as thou shouldest speake. My maisters on payne of my displeasure, depart the place and leaue vs two to our selues, I must lop his Longshankes; for Ile care to a payre of Longshankes.

Long. They are faire markes sir, and I must defend as I may : *Dauie* be gone. Holde here my hartes, long-legges giues you this amongst you to spend blowes one with an other. *Dauie*, now *Dauie* dayes are almost come at ende.

Mortim. But *Mortimor* this sight is strange, stay thou in some corner to see what will befall in this battaile.

Edward. Now *Robin* of the Wood, alias *Robin Hood*, be it knowne to your worshyp by these presents, that the Longshankes which you ayme at, haue brought the King of Englande into these Mountaines, to vse *Lluellen*, and to cracke a blade with his man that supposeth him selfe Prince of Wales.

Lluellen. What Sir King, welcome to *Cambria*: what foolish

The Historie

Edvard, da rest thou endanger thy selfe to trauell these Mountaines? Art thou so foolish hardie, as to combat with the Prince of Wales?

Edvard. What I dare, thou seest: what I can performe, thou shalt shortly know: I thinke thee a Gentleman, and therefore holde no scorne to fight with thee.

Lluellen. No *Edvard*, I am as good a man as thy selfe.

Longsh. That shall I try.

They fight, and Dauid takes his brothers part, and Mortimor the Kings.

Edvard. Halloe *Edvard*, how are thy sences confounded:

What *Dauy*, is it possible thou shouldest be false to England?

Dauy. *Edvard*, I am true to Wales, and so haue been friendes since my birth, and that shall the King of Englande know to his cost.

L'uellen. What Potter, did not I charge you to be gon with your fellowes?

Mortimor. No Traitor, no Potter I; but *Mortimor* the Earle of March, whose comming to these woods, is to deceiue thee of thy Loue, and reserued to saue my Soueraignes life.

Dauid. Vpon them brother, let them not breath.

The King bath Lluellen downe, and Dauid bath Mortimor downe.

Longs. Villaine thou diest: God and my right hath preuailed.

Dauid. Bafe Earle, now doth *Dauid* triumph in thine ouerthrow:

Aie is me, *Lluellen* at the feete of *Longshanks*.

Longs. What *Mortimor* vnder the sword of such a Traytor?

Mortimor. Braue King, run thy sword vp to the hilts into the blood of the rebell.

Longs. O *Mortimor*, thy lyfe is dearer to me then millions of rebels.

Dauid. *Edvard* relieue my brother, and *Mortimor* liues.

Longsb. I villaine, thou knowest too well how deare I holde my *Mortimor*: rise man and assure thee, and the hate I beare to thee is long, in respect of the deadly hatred I beare to that notorious rebell.

Mortimor. A way, his sight to me is like the sight of a Cockatrice: Villaine, I goe to reuenge me on thy treason, and to make thee patterne to the worlde, of Mountaines treason, falshood, and ingratitude.

Exit Mortimor.

Dauid. Brother, a chafes: but hard was your hap to be ouermastred by the coward.

Lluellen. No coward *Dauid*, his courage is like to the Lion; and were it not that rule and soueraigntie sets vs at iarre, I could loue and honour the man for his valour.

Dauid.

15
Of Edward Longshankes.

David. But the Porter, oh the villaine will neuer out of my mind whilst I liue, and I will lay to be reuenged on his villanie.

Lluellen. Well *David*, what will be shall be : therefore casting these matters out of our heads, *David* thou art welcome to *Cambria*, let vs in and be merrie after this colde cooling, and to prepare to strengthen our selues againg the last threatnings.

Exeunt ambo.

After the christening and mariage done, the Heraldes hauing attended, they passe ouer, the Bride is ledd by two Nob's men, Edmund of Lancaster, and the Earle of Sussex, and the Bishop.

Gloster. Welcome *Ione Countesse of Gloster*, to *Gilbert de Clare* for euer, God giue them ioy : cosin *Gloster*, let vs now goe visite the King and Queene, and present their Maiesties with their young Sonne *Edward Prince of Wales*.

Then all passe in their order to the Kinges Pavilion: the King sits in his Tent with his Pages about him.

Bishop. We represent your Highnes most humbly, with your young Sonne *Edward of Carnaruan Prince of Wales*.

Sound Trumpets.

Omnes. God saue *Edward of Carnaruan Prince of Wales*.

Longshankes kisses them both.

Longs. *Edward Prince of Wales*, God blesse thee with long lyfe and honor : welcome *Ione Countesse of Gloster*, God blesse thee and thine for euer. Lords, let vs visite my Queene and wyfe, whom we will at once present with a Sonne and Daughter honoured to her desire.

Sound Trumpets : they all march to the Chamber.

Bishop speakes to her in her bed.

Wee humbly present your Maiestie with your young Sonne *Edward of Carnaruan Prince of Wales*. *Sound Trumpets.*

Omnes. God saue *Edward of Carnaruan Prince of Wales*.

Queene Elinor shee kisseth him.

Gramercis Bishop, holde take that to buye thee a Rochell: Welcome *Welshman* : heere Nurse open him, and haue him to the fire for Gods sake, they haue touzed him and wash him thoroughly and that be good : and welcome *Ione Countesse of Gloster*, God blesse thee with long lyfe, honour, and harts ease.

I am now as good as my word *Gloster*, shee is thine, make much of her gentle Earle.

The Historie

Long. Now my sweete *Nell*, what more commaundeth my
Queene, that nothing may want to perfect her contentment.

Qu. Elin. No thing sweete *Ned*, but pray my King to feast the
Lords and Ladies royally, and thanks a thousand times good
men and women, to you all, for this duetie and honor done to
your Prince.

Long. Maister Bridegroom, by olde custome, this is your way-
ing day: Sir *David* you may commaunde all ample welcome
in our Court, for your countrymen. Brother *Edmund*, re-
uell it now or neuer, for honour of your Englands sonne: *Glister*
now like a braue Bridegroom, marshall this many, and set
these Lords and Ladies to dauncing, so shall you fulfill the
old English prouerbe; tis merry in Hall, when beards wag all.

*After the shouue, the King and Queene with all the Lords
and Ladies in place, Longshankes speaketh.*

What tydings brings *Verses* to our Court?

Enter in Verses with a Halter about his necke.

Verses. Tydings to make thee tremble English King.

Long. Mee tremble boy? must not be newes from Scotland,
Can once make English *Edward* stand agast.

Verses. *Balioll* hath chosen at this time to stirre,
To rouse him Lion like, and cast the yoke:
That Scots ingloriously haue borne from thee,
And all the predecessors of thy lyne:
And make his rodde to reobaine his rightes:
And for his homage sendes thee all this despight.

Edmund. Why how now princocks, pratest thou to a King?

Verses. I doe my message truely from my King,
This sword and targot chide in lowder rearmes,
I bring defiance from king *Iohn Balioll*,
To English *Edward* and his Barons all.

Long. Many to mee thinkes thou defiest mee with a witnesse.

Verses. *Balioll* my King in Barwicke makes his Court,
His Campe he spreades vpon the sandie plaine,
And dares thee to the Battayle in his right.

Edmund. What Court and Campe, in Englishmens despight?

Long. Holde Messenger, commende mee to thy King,
Weare thou my Chayne, and carry this to him:
Greete all his route of Rebels more or lesse,
Tell them such shamefull ende will hit them all,
And wend with this as resolutely backe,

Of Edward Longshankes.

As thou to England broughtst thy Scottish braues:
Tell then dildainefullye *Balioll* from vs,
Weele rouze him from his holde, and make him soone
Dislodge his Canipe, and take his walled Towne.
Say what I bid thee *Versses* to his teeth,
And earne this fauour, and a better thing.

Versses. Yes King of England, whom my hart beloues,
Thinke, as I promist him to braue thee heere,
So shall I bid *John Balioll* bace from thee.

Long. So shalt thou earne my Chayne and fauour *Versses*,
And carrie him this token that thou sendst.
Why now is Englandes harvest ripe:
Barons, now may you reape the rich renowne,
That vnder warlike colours springes in fiede,
And growes where ensignes wan vpon the plaines.
Falle *Balioll* Barwicke is no holde of prooffe,
To shrowde thee from the strength of *Edwards* armes:
No Scot, thy Treasons feare shall make the breach,
For Englandes pure renowne to enter on.

Omnes. Amaine amaine vpon these treacherous Scottes.
Amaine say all, vpon these treacherous Scottes.

Long. While wee with *Edmund, Gloster*, and the rest,
With speedie iournies gather vp our forces,
And beate these brauing Scottes from Englands boundes:
Mortimor thou shalt take the rout in taske,
That reuell heere, and spoyle faire *Cambria*.
My Queene when she is strong and well a foote,
Shall post to London, and repaste her there:
Then God shall send vs happely all to meete,
And ioy the honors of our victories,
Take vantage of our foes, and see the time,
Keepe still our holde, our fight yet on the playne:
Balioll I come, proud *Balioll* and ingrate,
Perswaded to chase thy men from Englands gate.

Exit Edward King.

Enter Balioll vvith his traine.

Balioll. Princes of Scotland, and my louing friends,
Whose neckes are ouer-wearied with the yoke,
And seruile bondage of these Englishmen,
Lift vp your hornes, and with your brasen hooves,
Spurre at the honor of your Enemies.

Tis

The Historie

Tis not ambitious thoughts of priuate rule,
Hath forst your King to take on him these Armes:
Tis Countries cause, it is the commons good,
Of vs and of our braue posteritie: to armes, to armes,
Verses by this hath tolde the King our mindes,
And he hath braued proud England to the prooffe,
We will renumerate his resolution,
With golde, with glory, and with kingly gyfts.

Lord. By sweete Saint Ierome, *Verses* will not spare,
To tell his message to the English King,
And beard the iollev *Longshankes* to his face,
Were he the greatest Monarch in the worlde:
And heere he comes, his halter makes him haste.

Enter Verses.

Long liue my Lord the rightfull King of Scots.
Balioll. Welcome *Verses*, what newes from England?
Like to the measure of Scotlandes King?
Verses. *Verses* my Lord in tearmes like to him selfe,
Like to the messenger of Scottish King,
Defyed the Peeres of England and their Lords,
That all his barons trembles at my threaters:
And *Longshankes* himtelfe as daunted and amazed,
Gazde on my face not witting what to say:
Till rousing vp he shakt his threatning haire,
Verses quoth he, take thou King *Edwards* chayne,
Vpon condition, thou a message doe,
To *Balioll* false, perjurde *Balioll*.
For in these tearmes he bad me greette your Grace,
And gaue this Halter to your Excellences:
I tooke the chayne, and giue your Grace the rope.

Balioll. You tooke the chayne, and giue my Grace the rope,
Lay hold on him: why miscreat recreant,
And darst thou bring a Halter to thy King?
But I will quit thy paine, and in that chayne
Vpon a siluer Gallows shalt thou hang,
That honored with a golden rope of England,
And a siluer Gibbet of Scotland,
Thou mayst hang in the ayre for fowles to feede vpon,
And men to wonder at: away with him, away.

*After the sight of Iohn Balioll is done, enter Mortimor
pursuing of the Rebels.*

Mort.

16
of Edward Longshankes.

Mort. Strike vp that Drums follow, pursue, and chase,
Follow, pursue, spare not the proudest he,
That hanocks Englands sacred royaltie.

Exit Mort.

Then make the proclamation vpon the vualles. Sound Trumpets.

Enter Queene alone.

Queen. Now fits the time to purge our melancholy,
And be renenged vpon this London Dame.

Katherina.

Enter Katherina. At hand Madam.

Queen. Bring foorth our London Maris heere.

Kather. I will Madam.

Queen. Now Nell bethinke thee of some tortures for the Dame,
And purge thy choller to the vttermost.

Enter Maris and Katherine.

Now mistres Maris you haue attendance vrgde,
And therefore to requite your curtesie,
Our minde is to bestow an office on you straight.

Maris. My selfe, my lyfe, and seruice mighty Queene,
Are humbly at your Maiesties commaund.

Queene. Then mistres Maris say, whether will you be our Nurse
or Landeres?

Maris. Then may it please your Maiestie, to entertaine your
Handmaid for your Nurse: she wil attend the Cradle carefully.

Queen. O no Nurse, the Babe needes no great rocking, it can
lull it selfe: *Katherina*, binde her in the chaire, and let me see
how sheele become a Nurse. So, now *Katherine* draw foorth her
Breast, and let the Serpent sucke his fill: Why so, now she is a
Nurse, sucke on sweete Babe.

Maris. Ah Queene, sweete Queene, seeke not my blood to spill:
For I shall die before this Adder haue his fill.

Queene. Die or die not, my minde is fully pleased.
Come *Katherine*, to London now will we,
And leaue our Maris with her nurserie.

Katherine. Farewell sweete Maris, looke vnto the Babe.

Exeunt Queene and Kather.

Maris. Farewell proude Queene, the author of my death,
The scourge of England, and to Englysh Dames:

Ah Husband, sweete *John Beaurmber* Maior of London,

Ah didst thou know how *Marie* is perplext,

Soone wouldst thou come to Wales, and rid me of this paine:

But oh I die, my wish is all in vaine.

Here she dies.

H

Enter

The Historie

Enter Lluellen running out before, and David with a halter ready to hang to himselfe

Lluellen. The angry Heauens frownd on Brittain's face,
To Ecclipte the glorie of faire Cambria,
With warre aspectes the dreadful Planets lowre.
Lluellen bately turne thy backe and flie;
No Welshmen, fight it to the last and die.
For it my men safely haue got the Bride,
Careles of chaunce, ile recke no sowre euent,
Englands broad wombe hath not that armed band,
That can expell *Lluellen* from his land.

Enter David.

Flie Lord of Cambria, flie Prince of Wales,
Sweete brother flie, the field is wonne and lost,
Thou art belet with Englands furious troupes,
And curled *Mortimor* like a Lion leales:
Our men haue got the Bride but all in vaine;
The Englishmen are come vpon our backes,
Either flie or die, for *Edyvara* bath the day:
For me I haue my rescue in my hand,
England on me no torments shal inflict:
Farewell *Lluellen* while wee meete in Heaven.

Exit David.

Enter Sou'diers.

Follow, pursue: lie there what ere thou be,
Lluellen is slaine with a Pike stasse:
Yet soft my harts, let vs his countenance see;
This is the Prince, I know him by his face.
O gracious fortune that me happie made,
To spoile the weede that chokes faire Cambria,
Hale him from hence, and in this buskie wood,
Bury his corps, but for his head I vowed,
I will present our gouernour with the same.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter the Friar with a halter about his necke.

Friar. Come my gentle *Richard*, my trew maister seruant, that in
some stormes haue stood my maister, hang thee I praie thee,
least I hang for thee; and downe on thy mary bones like a foo-
lish fellow, that haue gone farre astray, and aske forgiveness of
God

of Edward Longshankes.

God and King *Edward*, for playing the racheil and the rebell here in Wales: ah gentle *Richard*, many a hot breakefast haue we been at together, and now since like one of *Mars* his frozen knightes, I must hang vp my weapon vpon this tree, and come *per misericordiam* to the mad Potter *Mortimor* wring thy hands Friar, and sing a pitifull farewell to thy pikestaffe at parting.

The Friar having sung his farewell to his Pikestaffe, a takes his leave of Cambria, and exit the Friar.

Enter Mortimor with his Sow'diers, and Elinor.

Mortimor. Binde fast the Traitor, and bring him away, that the law may iustly passe vpon him, and receiue the reward: monstrous treasons and villanie, stayne to the name and honour of his noble countrey: for you that slew *Lluelien*, and presented vs with his heade, the King shall reward your fortune and chivalry. Sweete Ladie, abate not thy lookes so heauenlie to the earth, God and the King of England hath honor for thee in store, and *Mortimors* hart at seruice and at thy commaundement.

Elinor. Thankes gentle Lord: but alas who can blame *Elinor* to accuse her starres, that in one howre hath lost honor and contentment:

Mort. And in one howre may your Ladship recouer both, if you vouchsafe to be aduised by your friendes: but what makes the Friar here vpon his mary bones?

Friar. O Potter Potter, the Friar doth see,
Now his olde maister is slaine and gone, to haue a new.

Elinor. Ah sweete *Lluelien* how thy death I rue.

Mortimor. Well said Friar, better once then neuer: giue me thy hand my cunning shall faile me but we will be fellows yet: and now *Robin Hood* is gone, it shall cost me whor water but thou shalt be King *Edward*: man, onelie I enioyre thee this, come not too neare her Friar, but good Friar be at my hand.

Friar. O sirre, no sirre, not so sirre: a was warned too late; none of tha flesh I loue.

Mortimor. Come on, and for those that haue made their submission, and giuen their names in the Kinges name, I pronounce their pardones: and so God laue King *Edward*.

Exeunt ambo from Wales.

H2.

Here

The Historie

Heere's Thunder and lightning vnder the Queene comes off.

Enter Queene Elinor and Ione.

Qu. Elin. Why Ione, is this the welcome that the Clouds affords: how dare these disturbe our thoughts, knowing that I am Edwards wife and Englands Queene, here thus on Charing greene to threaten me?

Ione. Ah mother, blaspheme not so, your blaspheming and other wicked deeds hath caused our God to terrifie your thoughts, & call to minde your sinfull fact committed against the Maris here of louely London; and better Maris London neuer bread, so full of ruth & pittie to the poore: her haue you made away, that London cries for vengeance on your head.

Queene. I rid her not, I made her not awaie, by heauen I sweare: Traitors they are to Edward and to Englands Queene, that saie I made awaie the Maris.

Ione. Take heede sweete Lady mother, sweare not so, a felde of prife corne wil not stop their mouths, that saie you haue made awaie that vertuous woman.

Queene. Gape earth and swallow me, and let my soule sincke downe to Hell, if I were Autor of that womens Tragedie. Oh Ione, helpe Ione, thy mother sinckes.

Ione. Oh mother, my helpe is nothing: oh she is sincke, and here the earth is new closde vp againe: ah Charing greene, for ever chang thy hew, and neuer may the grasse grow greene againe, but wither and returne to stones, because that beauteous Elinor sincke on thee: wel, I wil sende vnto the King my fathers Grace, and satisfie him of this strange mishap. *Exit Ione.*

Alarum, a charge after long skirmish, assault flourish.

Enter K. Edward with his traine, and Balioll prisoner. Edward speaketh.

Edward. Now trothles King, what fruites haue brauing boastes?

What ende hath treason, but a sodaine fall?

Such as haue knowne thy lyfe and bringing vp,

Haue praised thee for thy learning and thy art;

How comes it then that thou forgettst thy booke,

That should thee to forget ingratitude?

Vnkinde, this hand hath noited thee a king,

This tongue pronounceth the sentence of thy ruth,

If thou in lie of mine vnfaigned loue,

Hast leui'd armes for to attempt my crowne,

Now

Of Edward Longshankes.

Now see thy fruites, thy gloryes are dispearst,
And his, for like sith thou hast past thy bounds,
Thy sturdie necke must stoope to beare this yoke.

Balioll. I tooke this lesson *Edward* from my booke,
To keepe a iust equality of minde,
Content with euery fortune as it comes,
So canst thou threat no more then I expect.

Edward. So fir, your moderation is enforst,
Your goodly gloses cannot make it good.

Balioll. Then will I keepe in silence what I meane,
Since *Edward* thinkes my meaning is not good.

Edmund. Nay *Balioll* speake forth, if there yet remaine,
A little remnant of perswading Art.

Balioll. If cunning haue power to win the king,
Let those imploy it that can flatter him.
If honored deede may reconcile the King,
It lies in me to giue, and him to take.

Edward. Why what remaines for *Balioll* now to giue?

Balioll. Alegeance as becomes a roiall king.

Edward. What league of faith, where league is broken once?

Balioll. The greater hope in them that once haue false.

Edward. But foolish are those Monarches that doe yeelde,
A conquered Realme vpon submissiue vowes.

Balioll. There take my crowne and so redeme my life.

Edward. I fir, that was the choicest plea of both,
For who so quells the pompe of haughtie mindes,
And breakes their staffe, whereon they build their trust,
Is sure in wanting power they carrie not harme.
Balioll shall liue, but yet within such bounds,
That if his wings grow flig, they may be clipt.

*Enter the Potter and the Potters wiife, called the Potters
biue dwelling there, and Iohn her man.*

Potters wiife. Iohn come awaie, you goe as though you slept;
a great knaue & be afraide of a little thundering & lightning.

Iohn. Cal you this a litle thundering, I am sure my breeches findes
it a great deale, for I am sure they are stufte with thunder.

Potters wiife. They are stufte with a foole, are they not? will it
please you to carrie the lanterne a litle handfommer, and not
to carrie it with your handes in your slops.

Iohn. Slops quoth you, would I had taried at home by the fire,
& then I should not haue neede to put my handes in my pockets;

H3.

but

The Historie

but Ile lay my life I know the reason of this foule weather.

Pot. wife. Doe you know the reason? I pray thee *John* tell me, and let me heare this reason?

John. I lay my life some of your Gossips be crosse legd that we came from: but you are wise Mistres, for you come now away, and will not stay a gossiping in a dry house all night.

Potters wife. Would it please you to walke, and leaue off your knauerie: but stay *John*, what's that riseth out of the ground? Iesus blesse vs; *John*, looke how it riseth higher and higher.

John. By my troth Mistris tis a woman: good Lord, doe women grow, I neuer saw none grow before.

Potters wife. Holde thy tongue thou foolish knaue, it is the spirit of some woman.

Queene. Ha, let me see, Where am I, on Charing greene? I on Charing greene, here heard by Westminster, where I was crowned, and *Edward* there made King: I tis true, so it is; and therefore *Edward* kisse not me, vnlesse you will straight perfume your lips *Edward*.

Potters wife. Ora pro nobis *John*, I praie fall to your prayers; for my life it is the Queene that chafes thus, who suncke this day on Charing greene, and now is risen vp on Potters Hiue, and therefore trulie *John* ile goe to her.

Here let the Potter. wife goe to the Queene.

Queene. Welcome good woman, what place is this, sea or land? I pray shew to me.

Potters wife. Your grace needs not to feare, you are on firme ground: it is the Potters Hiue, and therefore cheare your Maiestie, for I will see you safe conducted to the court, if case your highnes be therewithall pleased.

Make a noise, Westward ho.

Queen. I, good woman conduct me to the court, that there I may bewaile my sinfull life, and call to God to saue my wretched soule: woman, what noise is this I heare?

Potters wife. And lik. your Grace, it is the Watermen that call for passengers to goe Westward now.

Queene. That fits my turne, for I will straight with them to kings to, vnto the court, and there repose me till the king come home: and therefore sweete woman conceale what thou hast seene, and lead mee to those Watermen, for here doth

Elinor droupe,

John.

Of Edward Longshankes.

John. Come come, heres a goodly leading of you, is there not first you must make vs afeard, & now I must be troubled in carrying of you: I would you were honestly layd in your bed, so that I were not troubled with you.

Exeunt ambo.

Enter two messengers; the one, that Dauid shall be hanged, the other of the Queenes sincking.

1. *Mess.* Honor and fortune waite vpon the Crowne
Of Princelie *Edward* England's valiant king.

Edward. Thanks Messenger, and if my God vouchsafe
That winged Honor waite vpon my throne,
He make her spread her plumes vpon their heads,
Whose true allegiance doth confirme the Crowne.
What news in Wales, how wends our busines there?

2. *Mess.* The false disturber of that wasted soile,
With his adherents is surpris'd my King:
And in assurance he shall start no more,
Breathles he lies, and headles to my Lordes:
The circumstance these lines shall here vnfold,

Edward. A harmful weede by wisdom rooted out,
Can neuer hurt the true ingrafted plant.

But what the newes Sir *Thomas Spencer* brings?

Spencer. Wonders my Lord, wrapt vp in homelie words
And Letters to informe your Maiestie.

Edward. O Heauens, what may these miracles portende
Nobles, my Queene is sicke, but what is more?
Reed brother *Edmund* recde, a wondrous chance.

Edmund recdes a line of the Queens sincking.

Edmund. And I not heard nor read so strange a thing.

Edward. Sweete Queene, this sincking is a surfet tane

Of pride, wherewith thy womans hart did swell:

A dangerous maladie in the hart to dwell.

Lordes, march we towards London now in hast,

I will goe see my louelic *Elmor*,

And comfort her after this strange affright,

And where she is inportune to haue talke,

And secret conference with some Friars of France,

Must thou with me and I with thee will goe,

And take the sweete confession of my *Nell*,

We will haue French enough to parlee with the Queene.

Edmund.

The Historie

Edmund: Might I aduise your royall maiestie,
I would ~~not~~ goe for millions of golde:
What knowes your grace disguised if you wend,
What you may heare in secrecy reuealde?
That may appeale and discontent your highnes:
A goodly creature is your *Elinor*,
Brought vp in nicenesse and in delicacie:
Then listen not to her confession Lord,
To wound thy heart with some vnkinde conceite:
But as for *Lancaster* he may not goe.

K. Edvard. Brother I am resolute, and goe I will,
If God giue life, and cheare my dying Queene:
Why *Mun*, why man, what ere *King Edvard* heares,
It lies in God and him to pardon all.
He haue no ghostlie Father out of France,
England hath learned Clarkes and Confessors,
To comfort and absolue as men may doe:
And he be ghostlie Father for this once.

Edmund. *Edmund* thou maist not goe although thou die:
And yet how maist thou here thy King denie?
Edvard is gracious, mercifull, meeke and milde,
But furious when he findes he is beguilde.

Edvard. Messenger hie thee backe to Shrewsbury.
Bid *Mortimor* thy maister speede him fast,
And with his fortune welcome vs to London,
I long to see my beauteous louelie Queene.

Exeunt omnes.

*Enter Dauid drawne on a hurdle with Mortimor and officers,
accompanied with the Friar, the Nouice, the Harper,
and Llew'elens bead on a speare.*

Friar. On afore, on afore.

Nouice. Hold vp your torches for dropping.

Friar. A faire procesion, Sir *Dauid* be of good cheare, you cannot goe out of the waie hauing so manie guides at hand.

Nouice. Be sure of that, for we goe all the high way to the Gallowes I warrant you.

Dauid. I goe where my starre leads me, and die in my countreins iust caule and quarrell.

Harper. The Starre that twinckled at thy birth,
Good brother mine hath mard thy mirth,
An olde laide saw, Earth must to earth,

Next

of Edward Longshankes.

Next yeere will be a pittious dearth
Of Hempe, I dare lay a penny,
This yeere is hangde so many.

Friar. Well said *Morgan Pigot* Harper, and Prophet for the Kings
owne mouth.

Nowice. *Tunda tedi tedo dote dum.* This is the day, the time is
come, *Morgan Pigots* prophetic and Lord *Lluellens* Tragedie.

Friar. Who sayth the Prophet is an Assle,
Whose prophecies come so to passe?
Sayd he nor oft, and sung it to, *Lluellen* after much adoe,
Should in spite heave vp his chin, and be the highest of his kin:
And see aloft *Lluellens* head, empalled with a crowne of lead:
My lord let not this South-faire lacke, that hath such cunning in
Harper. *David* hold still your clacke, (his iacke,
Least your heeles make your necke cracke.

Friar. Gentle Prophet and you loue me, forspeake me not 'tis
the worst lucke in the world to stirre a Witch, or anger a Wise-
man. Maister Shiriffe, haue we any hatte? best giue my horses
some more haie. *Exeunt omnes.*

Elinor in child-bed, with her daughter *Jone*, and other Ladyes.

Qu. Eli. Call forth those renowned Friars come from France,
And raise me gentle Ladyes in my bed,
That while this faulting engine of my speech,
I leane to vtter my concealed guilt,
I may respect and so repent my sinnes.

Jone. What plague afflicts your roiall Maiestie?

Qu. Eli. Ah *Jone* I perish through a double warres:
First in this painfull prison of my soule,
A world of dreadfull sins holpe thee to fight,
And Nature hauing lost her working power,
Yeeldes vp her earthlie Fortunes vnto death.
Next ouer War my soule is ouer preast,
In thee my Conscience loaden with misdeedes,
Sittes seeing my Conscience to ensue,
Without especiall fauour from aboue.

Jone. Your Grace must account it a warriors crosse,
To make resist where daunger there is none,
Superdewe your Feuer by precious Art,
And helpe you still through hope of heauenlic aide.

Qu. Eli. The carelessse sleepe rule on the mountaines tops,
That see the sea-man floating on the swerge,

The Historie

The threatning windes comes springing with the foulds
To ouerwhelme and drowne his craised keele,
His tackes torne, his sailes borne ouer boarde.
How pale like *Vallour* flowres the mountaine standes?
Vppon his hatches waiting for his iearke,
Winging his hands that ought to plaie the pompe,
May blame his feare that laboreth not for life.
So thou poore soule maie tell a seruile tale,
May counsell me, but I that prooue my paine,
May heare thee talke, but not redresse my harme,
But ghastlie death alreadie is addrest,
To gleane the latest blossome of my life:
My spirite failes me, are these Friars come?

Enter the King and his brother in Friars vveede.

King. Dominus vobiscum.

Edmund. Et cum spiritu tuo.

Qu. Elinor. Draw neare graue Fathers, and approche my bed:
Forbeare our presence Ladies for a while,
And leaue vs to our secret conference.

King. What cause hath moued your roiall Maiestie,
To call your seruants from their countreis bounds,
For to attend your pleasure here in Englands court?

Qu. Eli. See you not holie Friars mine estate,
My bodie weake, inclining to my graue.

Edm. We see and sorrow for thy paine faire *Queene*.

Qu. Eli. By this eternall signes of my defectes,
Friars, consecrate mine in eternall griefe:
My soule, ah wretched soule, within this brest,
Faint for to mount the Heauens with wings of grace,
A hundred by flocking troupes of sinne,
That stop my passage to my wished howres.

King. The nearer *Elinor*, so the greatest hope of health,
And daine to vs for to impart your quiet.
Who by our prayers and counsaile ought to arme,
Aspiring soules to scale the heauenly grace.

Qu. Eli. Shame and remorse doth stop my course of speech.

King. Madam you need not dread our conference,
Who by the order of the holie Church,
Are all annoynted to sacred segrecie.

Qu. Eli. Did I not thinke, nay were I not assured,
Your wisdom would be silent in that cause,

No

of Edward Longshankes.

No feare could make me to bewraie my selfe:
But gentle fathers I haue thought it good,
Not to relie vppon these Englishmen,
But on your trothes, you holy men of Fraunce:
Then as you loue your life and Englands weale,
Keepe secret my Confession from the king:
For why my storie nearelie toucheth him,
Whose loue compared with my losse delights,
With manie sorrowes that my heart affrights.

Edmund. My heart misgiues.

King. Be silent, fellow Friar.

Qu. Eli. In pride of youth when I was young and faire,
And gracious in the king of Englands sight,
The daie before that night his Highnes should
Possesse the pleasure of my wedlockes bed,
Caitife, accursed monster as I was,
His brother *Edmund* beautifull and young,
Vppon my bridall touch by my consent,
Enioies the flowre and fauour of my loue.

The King beholdeth his brother vnosully.

And I became a Traittresse to my Lord.

King. *Facinus scelus, infandum nefas.*

Edm. Madam, through sickenes, weakenes, and your wittes,
twere verie good to bethinke your selfe before you speake.

Qu. Eli. Good father not so weake but that I wor,
My hart doth rent to thinke vpon the time:
But whie exclames this holie Friar so?
Oh praie then for my faults religious man.

King. Tis charitie in men of my degree,
To sorrow for our neighbours haniours sinnes:
And Madam, though some promise loue to you,
And zeale to *Edmund* brother to the King,
I praie the Heauens you both may soone repent.
But might it please your Highnes to proceede,
Vnto this sinne, a worser doth succede.

Qu. Eli. For *Ione* of *Acon* the supposed child,
And daughter of my Lord the English King,
Is baselic borne, begotten of a Friar,
Such time as I was their anued in Fraunce,
His onelie true and lawfull soone my friendes,
He is my hope, his sonne that should succede,
Is *Edvard* of *Carnarvan* latelic borne,

The Historie

Now all the scruples of my troubled minde,
I sighing sound within your reuerent cares,
Oh praie, for pittie praie, for I must die,
Remitte my God the tollie of my youth,
My groaned spirites attends thy mercies seate,

Queene Elinor dies.

Fathers farewell, commend me to my King,
Commend me to my children and my friends,
And close mine eies, for death will haue his due.
King. Blushing, I shut these thine inticing lampes,
The wanton baites that make me lucke my bane,
Pirpus hardned flames did neuer reflect.
More hidious flames then from my brest arise,
What fault more vilde vnto thy dearest Lord?
Our daughter base, begotten of a Priest,
And *Ned* my brother partner of my loue;
Oh that thole eies that lightned *Cesars* braine,
Oh that thole lookes that mastered *Phucebus* brand,
Or else thole lookes that staine *Melusæes* face,
Should shrine discreet desire and lawles lust,
Vnhappie King dishonored in thy stocke:
Hence fained weedes, vnfaigned is my griefe.

Edm. und. Dread Prince my brother, if my vowes auaille,
I call to witness Heauen in my behalfe:
If zealous praier might drive you from suspect,
I bend my knees and humblie craue this boone,
That you will drive misdeedes out of your minde:
May neuer good betide my life my Lord,
If once I dreamde vppon this damned deede,
But my decealed sister and your Queene,
Afflicted with recurelesse maladies,
Impatient of her paine grew lunaticke,
Discovering errors neuer dreamde vppon:
To proue this true, the greatest men of all,
Within their learned volumes doe discord,
That all extreames, and all, and in naught but extreames,
Then thinke oh King her agonie in death,
Bereaues her sence and memorie at once,
So that shee spoke shee knew not how nor what.

King. Sir sir, faine would your highnes hide your faults,
By cunning vowes and glosing tearmes of Arte,
And well thou maist delude these listning cares,

Yet

Of Edward Longshankes.

Yet neuer aswage by prooffe this iealous heart;
Traitor, thy head shall raunsome my disgrace,
Daughter of darkenes, whose accursed bowre,
The Poet fained to liue vppon *Auernus*,
Whereas *Cimerians* darkenes checks the Sun,
Dauids ieaiousie afflict me not so sore.
Faيرة Queene *Elinor* could neuer be so false.
I, but thee vowed these treasons at her death,
A time not fitte to fashion monstrous lies:
Ah my vngratefull brother as thou art,
Could not my loue, naie more, could not the law:
Naie further, could not nature thee allure,
For to retrain from this incestuous sinne:
Halt from my sight, call *Jone* of *Acon* here.

Exit Edmund.

The luke warme spring distilling from his eies,
His othes, his vowes, his reasons rested with remorse,
From forth his breast impoisoned with suspect,
Faine would I deeme that false, I finde too true.

Enter Jone of Acone.

I come to know what Englands King commaunds,
I wonder why your highnes greetes me thus,
With strange regarde and vnacquainted tearmes.

King. Ah *Jone*, this wonder needes must wound thy brest,
For it hath well nigh slaine my wretched heart.

Jone. What is the Queene my soueraigne mother dead?
Woes me vnhappye Ladie woe begonne?

King. The Queene is dead, yet *Jone* lament not thou,
Poore soule guiltles art thou of this deceite,
That hath more cause to curse then to complaine.

Jone. My dreadfull soule assailed with dolefull speach,
loynes me to bow my knees vnto the ground,
Beseeching your most roiall Maiestie,
To rid your woefull daughter of suspect.

King. I daughter *Jone*, poore soule thou art deceaued,
The King of England is no scorned Priest.

Jone. Was not the Ladie *Elinor* your spouse,
And am not I the offspring of your loines?

King. I but when Ladies liste to runne astraie,
The poore supposed father weares the horne,
And pleating leaue their Liege in Princes laps,

The Historie

Ione thou art daughter to a lecherous Friar,
A Friar was thy father, haplesse *Ione*,
Thy mother in profession vowes no lesse,
And I vilde wretch (which sorrowed) hard no lesse.

Ione. What, am I then a Friars base borne brat?
Presumptuous wretch, why preasse I fore my king?
How can I looke my husband in the face?
Why should I liue since my renowne is lost?
A way thou wanton weede, hence worldes delight,

Shee falls groueling on the ground.

Tor ce ine abbassa come vinto et fianco.

Desfluer chain bocca il fren glisprons al fianco.

King. O sommo Dio come i guidneo humans,
Spesse offuscars son danu membo oscuro,
Haplesse and wretched, lift vp thy heauie head,
Curse not so much as this vnhappy chaunch,
Vnconstant fortune still will haue her course.

Ione. My King, my King, let fortune haue her course,
Flie thou my soule, and take a better course:
Aies me from roiall state I now am false.
You purple springs that wander in my vaines,
And whilom wants to feede my heauie heart,
Now all at once make hast and pittie me,
And stop your powers, and change your natie course,
Disolue to aire your luke-warme blouddie streames,
And cease to be, that I may be no more:
Your curled lockes draw from this cursed head,
Abase her pompe, for *Ione* is baseliie borne:
Ah *Gloster*, thou poore *Gloster* hast the wrong.

Shee sodainly dies at the Queenes beds feete.

Die wretch, hate death, for *Ione* hath liued too long.

King. Reuiue thee haples Ladie, greeue not thus:
In vaine speake I, for shee reuiues no more,
Poore haplesse soule, thy owne expected mones,
Hath wrought her sodaine and vntimelie death.

*Enter Edmund, Gloster, running vwith Ladies,
and conuaies Ione of Acon auvaie*

Lords, Ladies hast; ah *Gloster* art thou come,
Then must I now present a Tragedie:
Thy *Ione* is dead, yet grieue thou not her fall,
She was too base a spouse for such a Prince.

Gloster. Conspire you then with Heauens to worke my harmes?

Of Edward Longshankes.

O sweete allwagers of our martiall misse,
Desired death depriue me of my life,
That I in death may end my life and loue.
King Gloster, thy King is partner of thy heauines,
Although nor tongue, nor eies, bewraie his meane,
For I haue lost a flowre as faire as thine:
A loue more deare, for *Elinor* is dead:
But since the heauenlie ordinance decrees,
That all thinges change in their prefixed time,
Be thou content and beare it in thy breast,
Thy swelling griefe as needes I must mine,
Thy *lorne* of *Acon* and my *Queene* deceast,
Shall haue that Honor as bebecmes their state.
You peeres of England, see in roiall pompe,
These breathles bodies be entombed straight,
With tried colours couered all with blacke,
Let Spanish steeles as swift as fleeting winde,
Conuaie these Princes to their funerall:
Before them let a hundred mourners ride,
In euerie time of their enforste aboad:
Reare vp a crosse intoken of their worke,
Whereon faire *Elinors* picture shall be plaste,
Arriued at London neare our *Pallas* bounds,
Interre my louelic *Elinor* late deceast:
And in remembraunce of her roialtie,
Erect a rich and statelic carued Crosse,
Whereon her stature shall with glorie shine,
And hence forth see you call it *Charing crosse*:
For why the chancest and the choicest *Queene*,
That euer did delight my roiall eies,
Their dwell in darkenes whilst I die in griefe:
But soft, what tidings with these Purcuants?

Enter Messenger approach from Mortimor.

Messenger. Sir *Roger Mortimor*, withall *Sussex*, as earst your Grace
by message did commaund, is here at hande in purpose to pre-
sent your Highnes with his signes of victorie: and trothles *Balioll*
their accursed King, with fire and sword doth threat Northum-
berland.

King. How one affliction cals another ouer.
First death torments me, then I feeble disgrace,
Againe, *Lluellen* he rebels in Wales,
And false *Balioll* meanes to braue me to,

But

The Historie

But I will finde prouision for them all,
My constancie shall conquer death and shame,
And *Mortimor* tis thou must hast to Wales,
And rouse that Rebel from his starting holes,
And rid thy King of his contentious foe,
Whilst I with *Elinor*, *Gloster*, and the rest,
With speedie iourney gather vp our force,
And beat these braying Scots from out our bounds.
Courage braue Souldiers, fates hath done their worst,
Now vertue, let me triumphe in thine aide.

Exite Edward.

Gloster solus.

Gloster. Now Ione of *Acan* let me moume thy fall,
Sole heere alone now let thee downe and sigh:
Sigh haples *Gloster* for thy sodaine losse,
Pale death alas hath bannished all thy pride,
Thy wedlocke vowe how ought haue I beheld?

Enter Mortimor with the he ad.

Thy eies thy lookes thy lippes and euerie part,
How nature store in them to shew their Art,
In shine, in shape, in colour and compare,
But now hath death the enimie of loue,
Staind and deformed, the shine, the shape, the reede,
With pale and dimmes, and my loue is dead.
Ah dead my loue, vile wretch while am I liuing?
So willeth fates, and I must be contented,
All pompe in time must fade and grow to nothing,
Wept I like *Nohe*, yet it profits nothing:
Then cease my sighs since I maie not regaine her,
And woe to wretched death that thus hath slaine her.

Exit Gloster.

Tours. By George Peele Maister
of Artes in Oxenford.

FINIS

